

ERRATA.

- Page 411, for Sampson read Samson
" 417, line 11, for these read this
" 418, line 12, for from read of
" 421, line 42, for blood read flood
" 431, line 29, for her read his
" 433, line 7, for knock read knack
" 435, line 24, for men read man

THE DIAL.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1842.

No. IV.

To the Editor of the Dial.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THE article "Days from a Diary," is of too little value to waste words upon. My interest in it has so moderated, that when I learned of your want of room in this Dial, I was glad of that pretext for withdrawing it, and the more if not printed entire. The interest of such documents, takes its color from the writer's moods and varies as these change.

I still incline to receive my manuscript, since you cannot print it in the January Number, for I know it will give me little pleasure to read the same next April. But you shall do as you please. The Dial prefers a style of thought and diction, not mine; nor can I add to its popularity with its chosen readers. A fit organ for such as myself is not yet, but is to be. The times require a free speech, a wise, humane, and brave sincerity, unlike all examples in literature, of which the Dial is but the precursor. A few years more will give us all we desire — the people all they ask.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

Concord, 6th Dec. 1841.

DAYS FROM A DIARY.

[LITERATURE affords but few examples of the Diary. Yet this of all scriptures is simplest, most natural, and inviting; and all men delight in that hospitality, humane as it is magnanimous, which makes them partakers of the privatest life of virtue and genius.—Nor Gods nor true persons have secrets. Their lives are made poetic and noble by divine aims, and to themselves are they spectacles of approbation and hope. They prosecute life with a sweet and tender enthusiasm, and espouse interests so large and universal as to lose their own being therein; and they live, not in the gaze of a selfish and vain egotism, but in the steady eye of conscience, whose voice and missionary they are. Nor till life is made thus sincere and poetic shall we have these private documents. For no man writes worthily who lives meanly. His life degrades his thought, and this defrauds his pen of all simplicity and elegance. When

When true and fair souls come shall we have Records of Persons, and a frank sincerity shall pervade life and literature — a spirit above reserve, and open as the light of the sun.]

Concordia, 1841, January.

I. THE FAMILY.

1st. FIRE-SIDE. This family is a mystery. It is of all institutions most sacred. It is the primeval fact—the alpha of the social state—that initial dispensation of which the sacred fables of all people have spoken; and which appears atwain with the simplest of arts, the planting of gardens and growing of babes. Great is the house, fair the household; the cope of heaven does not cover a holier fact; and whoso restores its order and divines its law solves life's problem, and recovers to man his lost Eden. For this the world waits in hope.

"A married life," says Hierocles, "is beautiful. For what other thing can be such an ornament to a family, as the association of husband and wife. For it must not be said that sumptuous edifices, walls covered with marble plaster, and piazzas adorned with stones, which are admired by those who are ignorant of the good; nor yet paintings and arched myrtle walks, nor anything else which is the subject of astonishment to the stupid is the ornament of a family. But the beauty of a household consists in the conjunction of man and wife, who are united to each other by destiny, and are consociated to the Gods who preside over nuptials, births, and houses, and who accord indeed with each other, and have all things in common, as far as to their bodies, or rather their souls themselves; who likewise exercise a becoming authority over their house and servants; and are properly solicitous about the education of their children; and pay an attention to the necessities of life, which is neither, excessive nor negligent, but moderate and appropriate. For what can be better and more excellent, as the most admirable Homer says—

'Than when at home the husband and the wife
Unanimously live.'

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II. THE SACRED FABLES.

7th. Again I have read the "Paradise Regained, the Comus and Sampson Agonistes," unfolding the doctrines of temptation and chastity. Milton's theories of sin and redemption, though vitiated somewhat by popular traditions are orthodox on the whole. Beautiful beyond compare is this poem of the Comus; and the Sampson Agonistes is characterized by that universality of insight which inheres in all his works.

The great poets fable each on those spiritual verities which are the being of every man. In the Lost Paradise, Milton adopts the Egyptian, the Christian fable in the Paradise Regained. The Comus and Sampson Agonistes are episodes, each complete in itself—the Comus cast in the Grecian form.

I fancy that the Egyptian and Christian Mythologies may be wrought into the Greek fable of Prometheus, and all subordinated to the new Genesis and Apotheosis of the Soul.

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III. EXCERPTS FROM DR. HENRY MORE.

10th. EVENING. And this rare poem on the Life of the Soul—Dr. Henry More's—I have read at last. It contains great lines, fine thoughts, but is less a poem than prose discourse in the Spenserean stanza. The author's prose is always most poetic; here he moves with grace and freedom. But the "Cupid's Conflict," is truly a poem throughout, and a fine one. It is a noble defence against the injustice of his contemporaries; and so I have copied it for our Dial, as an answer to the literary bigotry of all time.

I. *Lines from the Psyche-zoa, or Life of the Soul.*

I. INSPIRATION.

"But all in vain they want the inward skill;
What comes from heaven onely can there ascend,
Nor rage nor bulk that this bulk doth fill
Can profit aught, but gently to attend
The soul's still working; patiently to bend
Our mind to sifting reason, and clear light,
That strangely figured in our soul doth wend

Shifting its forms, still playing in our sight,
Till something it present that we shall take for right."

Book III. Cant. 1.

2. LIKE BY LIKE.

"Well sang the wise Empodocles of old,
That earth by earth, and sea by sea,
And heaven by heaven, and fire more bright than gold,
By flaming fire, so gentle love descry
By love, and hate by hate. And all agree
That like is known by like."

3. ETERNITY OF THE SOUL.

"But souls that of his own good life partake,
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye
They are to him; he'll never them forsake;
When they shall die then God himself shall die;
They live, they live in blest eternity."

4. BODY.

"Our body is but the soul's instrument,
And when it fails, only those actions cease
That thence depend. But if new eyes were sent
Unto the aged man, with as much ease
And accurateness as when his youth did please
The wanton lasse, he now could all things see;
Old age is but the watry blood's disease,
My hackney fails, not I, my pen, not sciencie."

II. Great prose is the following, and on the sublimest themes. The like we have not in this decline of divine Philosophy.

5. THE GODHEAD.

"Contemplations concerning the dry essence of the Deity are very consuming and unsatisfactory. 'T is better to drink of the blood of the grape than bite the root of the grape, to smell the rose than to chew the stalk. And, blessed be God, the meanest of men are capable of the former, very few successful in the latter. And the lesse, because the reports of them that have busied themselves that way, have not onely seemed strange to the vulgar, but even repugnant with one another. But I should in charity referre this to the nature of the pigeon's neck rather than to mistake and contradiction. One and the same object in nature affords many and different aspects. And God is as infinitely various as simple. Like a circle, indifferent, whether you suppose it of one uniform line or an infinite number of angles. Wherefore it is more safe to

admit all possible perfections of God, than rashly to deny what appears not to us from our particular posture."—*Preface to the Philosophical Poems*, 1647.

6. FAITH IN THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

"Seeing our most palpable evidence of the soul's immortality is from an inward sense, and this inward sense is kept alive the best by devotion and purity, by freedom from worldly care and sorrow, and the grosser pleasures of the body, (otherwise her ethereall will drink in so much of earthly and mortall dregs, that the sense of the soul will be changed, and being outvoted as it were by the overswaying number of terrene particles, which that ethereall nature hath so plentifully imbibed, and incorporated with, she will become in a manner corporeall, and in the extremity of this weakness and dotage, will be easily drawn off to pronounce herself such as the body is, dissolvable and mortal,) therefore it is better for us that we become doubtful of our immortal condition, when we stray from that virgin purity and unspottednesse, that we may withdraw our feet from these paths of death, than that demonstration and infallibility would prove an heavy disadvantage. But this is meant onely to them that are loved of God and their own souls. For they that are at enmity with him, desire no such instructions, but rather embrace all means of laying asleep that disquieting truth, that they bear about with them so precious a charge as an immortal spirit."

7. INFIDELITY.

"This body, which dissolution waits upon, helpeth our infidelity exceedingly. For the soul not seeing itself, judgeth itself of such a nature as those things are to which she is nearest united. Falsely saith, but yet ordinarily, I am sick, I am weak, I faint, I die; when it is nought but the perishing life of the body that is in such a plight, to which she is so close tyed in most intimate love and sympathy. So a tender mother, if she see a knife stuck to the child's heart, would shriek and swoond as if herself had been smit; when, as if her eye had not beheld the spectacle, she had not been moved though the thing were surely done. So, I do verily think, that the mind being taken up in some higher contemplation, if it should please God to keep it in that ecstasy, the body might be destroyed without disturbance to the soul; for how can there be or sense or pain without animadversion."—*Preface to Part Second of the Song of the Soul*.

8. INSIGHT.

"Men of most tam'd and castigate spirits are of the best and most profound judgment, because they can so easily withdraw from the life and impulse of the lower spirit of the body. They being quit of passion, they have upon occasion a clear though still and quiet representation of everything in their minds, upon which pure, bright sydereall phantasms, unprejudiced reason may work, and clearly discern what is true and probable." — *Preface to Book Third of the Song of the Soul.*

9. COURAGE.

"Certainly the purging of our natural spirits and raising our soul to her due height of piety, and weaning her from the love of the body, and too tender a sympathy with the frail flesh, begets that courage and majesty of mind in a man, that both inward and outward fiends shall tremble at his presence, and fly before him as darknesse at light's approach. For the soul hath then ascended her fiery vehicle, and it is noon to her midnight. he she awake herself."

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February.

IV. CHILDHOOD.

"Thou by this Dial's shady stealth may'st know
Times' peevish progress to eternity."

8th. BABE. Beside thee, O Child, I seek to compass thy being. But this idea of thee floating in the depths of my thought mocks me the while. For thou art older and more prescient than thought, and I lose myself in thee. Time stretches backward into the period whence it proceeded, and forward to its return therein, yet dates not thy genesis, thine advent, nor ascension. Thou still art, and wast ever, and shalt remain, the horologue of its transits. Thy history the hours do not chronicle. Thou art timeless, dateless. Before time thou wast, and by reason of this thine eternal existence — dost revive eternal memories. The clock that chimes, the sun that rises, but give the chronology of thy terrestrial life; more faithful keepers thou hast of thy spiritual reckoning. For Times' Dial is set by thee, and the orb of day wheels on his courses to illustrate the story of thy Soul. Nature thou art not, but of thee she is the show — Matter is thy shadow as thou runnest on thy behests. Experience itself

is lost in thee — perpetuity shines through all thy powers — thou art prophet and historian of God!

And, O child, thou remindest me of the dawn of mine own being. I see relics of ages in thee; and thou comest to me as inhabitant of a clime once mine own; and thy gentle manners are familiar to me, while yet I seem strange and a stranger here in Time. But thou knowest of no change. Thou deemest thyself in the mansions of thy Father, an inmate of his households, still clad from his wardrobes — still fed from his board. At home art thou; and there shall abide while thou retainest memory thereof, though a dweller the while in these vessels of clay: nor shall feel this seeming absence — this exile in Flesh — this errand in time — this commerce with matter — this dalliance with apparitions; where Seeming is but shadow of Being, where Apprehension finds never the complement of its seekings, and Desire yearns ever for what it hath lost; and where Memory and Hope are but Janus-faces of the soul, surveying unknowingly, like tracts of her cycle of years.† — *Psyche*, 1838.

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V. INSPIRATION.

An Epistle.

Sunday.

22d. You desire, my friend, some exegesis of the Doctrine of Inspiration, through its twofold organs of Conscience and Reason, — with their subordinate functions of Sight and Sense (Faith and Understanding): and the authority, original and final, on all Revelations possible to the Soul. Shall I vex these old questions — tax these divine problems, with hope of success? I do, indeed, tempt these spiritual waters with awe; so slender and frail my line, so short withal — the stillness primeval — the depths profound. And each soul, moreover, singly and alone sails these seas, her own steersman and observer of the heavens, to find her way unaided, if she may, to the celestial havens. — But yet I will dare the theme.

† I shall never be persuaded, says Synesius, to think my soul to be younger than my body. "Before Abraham was, I am," said Jesus.

To the innocent, upright, all is present, instant, in sight. They have not lapsed into forgetfulness: nor memory nor foresight divides the intuitions of their souls.* They partake of the divine omniscience; they are quick with God. They do not fumble, dubious, in the memory; nor clutch, anxious, in hope, for lost or unexpected goods—they are self-fed—they inherit all things. Day by day, hour by hour, yea, pulse by pulse, exhaustless Providence minister to them—each sequel and complement—history and prophesy, of the other—the plenitude, of Life rushing gladly into the chambers of the breast, and illuminating their brow with supernal lights. They are Incarnate Words, —prophets, silent or vocal, as the divine influx retreats to its source, or flows over their cloven tongues, bringing glad tidings to all who have access to the urns of being. And such are all bards, saints, babes. These reason never—nor seek truth as lost treasure amidst eruditions, or precedents, of the Past. Having eyes, steadfast, they see; ears, quick, they hear; hearts, vigilant, they apprehend; in the serenity of their own souls, they behold Divinity, and themselves and the universe in Him. These are they, who “walk not in darkness but in the light of life, bearing record of themselves, and knowing their record to be true; knowing whence they came, and whither they go; who are not alone, but the Father with them, and witnessing of themselves, and the Father that sent bearing witness of them.”

But this logic of the Breast is subtle, occult. It eludes the grasp of the Reason. It IS, and perpetually reaffirms itself—the I AM of the Soul. Inspiration speaks always from present, face to face parley with eternal facts. It darts like lightning, straight to its quarry, and rends all formulas of the schools as it illuminates the firmament of the mind. God enlightens the brain by kindling the heart;

* If souls retained in their descent to bodies the memory of divine concerns, of which they were conscious in the heavens, they would not be dissensions among men about divinity. But all, indeed, in descending drink of oblivion, though some more, and others less. On this account, though truth is not apparent to all men on the earth, yet all have their opinions about it, *because a defect of memory is the origin of opinion.* But those discern most who have drank least of oblivion, because they easily remember what they had then before in heavens.—PYTHAGORAS.

he is instant in the breast before he is present in the head. All reasoning is but self-finding, self-recovery.* And the head but dreams of the heart, whose oracles are clear, as the life is pure, dark as it is base.† Conscience receives the divine ray, and Reason reflects the same on the sense. The Conscience is an abridgement of God — and Apocalypse of Spirit — and man reads the secrets of ages therein; nor needs journey from his breast to solve the riddles of the world or divine the mysteries of Deity. Therein, the spiritual and corporeal law is enacted and executed; and a true life interprets these to the mind; yea, more, discovers the upholding agencies of all things, and works out the Creator's idea, moulding the worlds anew day by day.

“Reclused hermits oftentimes do know
More of Heaven's glory than a worldling can:
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and man needs no farther look.”

Receiving thus the divine ray into his breast, man needs not wander from its shining into another's darkness. Assured that none comes to the light save as drawn from within, and that vicarious guidance ever misleads or blinds, let him wend his course through this world of sense, distrusting its beaten pathways, its proffered redeemers, his eye fixed perpetually on the load-star within, that by solitary by-roads, leads direct to his birthplace and home.

And this, my friend, is the Doctrine and Method of

*Now all right and natural knowledge, in whatever creature it is, is sensible, intuitive, and its own evidence. But opinion or doubting (for they are all but one thing) can only then begin, when the creature has lost its first right and natural state, and is got somewhere and become somewhat that it cannot tell what to make of. Then begins doubting, from thence reasoning, from thence debating; and this is the high birth of our magnified reason, as nobly born as groping is, which has its beginning in and from darkness or the loss of light. — *LAW's Way to Divine Knowledge.*

† Every thing is and must be its own proof; and can only be known from and by itself. There is no knowledge of anything, but where the thing itself is, and is found, and possessed. Life, and every kind and degree of life, is only known by life; and so far as life reaches, so far is there knowledge, and no farther. Whatever knowledge you can get by searching and working of your own active Reason, is only like that knowledge which you may be said to have got, when you have searched for a needle in a load of straw, till you have found it. — *LAW's Way to Divine Knowledge.*

Revelation, as taught by the Christs of all time. But, Christendom, how false to its spirit, and hostile to its discipline! She leans as of old, on traditions, nor dares walk erect, a trustful and self-helpful brother, in the light, of that common beam which illuminated the face of her Prophet and made Him the joy of the nations. She scoffs at the heavenly doctrines of immediate inspiration; she pores blindly over Scriptures, and worships not the word incarnate in Him, but the skirts of his robe. A Messias, sublimer than Him of Judea, must come to dispel the superstitions that darken his Life, and divest his doctrine from the fables in which it is wrapped. For such Prophet the world now waits — and his advent is nigh!

I am yours,

in all sacred friendships.

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March.

VI. PASSAGES FROM HERAUD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Athenæum, Boston.

5th. Of these Foreign Journals Heraud's Magazine interests me most. It is catholic, free, philosophic. It speaks for universal man, not for sects or districts, and breathes a charity humane and diffusive. It compares (or did) favorably with our Dial, but is more various in its contents and addresses a wider public. But neither those Journals, nor others, content me. They fail to report the bosom life of the hour; they are not Diaries of the Age — scriptures of the ideas taking body now in institutions and men. But yet we wait, with a calm patience, for souls who shall make organs and a public for the life that is in them — men who shall dial not only the evening and morning ray, but the broad noon of piety and genius.

I. *A Sketch of Jacob Boëhme.* By FRANCES BARHAM.

"1. Boëhme, was, in the opinion of all who have studied his works, a man of high spirituality and strong original genius.

His mind was of that heaven-scaling and world-defying heroism, which dares all things, and bears all things, in search of wisdom. By the stern contentions of faith and prayer, by the struggling energies of unflinching reason, and the logical analysis of a few theosophic books, he attained many of the loftiest visions of truth, and completed a system of transcendentalism more brilliant than any which had appeared for ages. He was one of the few cobblers who have proved themselves capable of judging above the last. From his dingy stall and workshop issued the Aurora of a theosophic doctrine, which set Europe in a blaze. None but those personally acquainted with the works of Boëhme, and the Boehmists, can justly estimate the influence his doctrine has had on the world. It is not without some reason that such men as Periet, Fenelon, Ramsey, and Law, have eulogized this extraordinary man. It is astonishing to me that his solitary genius should have worked out so many philosophemes resplendent as those of the Cabalists, the Bramins, the Pythagoreans, whom he had never read. It is a proof, if any were needed, of the essential unity and sympathy of true genius in all times and nations. What would Boëhme have executed had he enjoyed the learning of Mironbola, Richlin, Agrippa. How many of his ideas that now loom large in the midst of rhapsody, shadowy and obscure, yet vast and astounding as the ghosts of the mighty dead, would have worn the keen edge and effulgent configuration of positive science. But in spite of his disadvantages, Boëhme is the Plato of Germany, and to him the Kantists owe their brightest theories."

II. *Foreign Aids to Self-Intelligence, designed as assistance to the English Student of Transcendental Philosophy.*—These are admirable papers by Heraud, who thus speaks of Boëhme's Theosophic Doctrines.

"2. With Boëhme all opaque matter had a luminous spirit. In the seven planets, in the seven days of the week, he found emblems of the ideas intended by the seven lamps before the throne; and the seven stars in the Apocalypse, the seven pillars of the House of Wisdom; the six steps of Solomon's throne and the throne itself, as emblematic of Sabbatical Rest; the seven seals, the seven phials, the seven trumpets, and the seven candlesticks,—all these symbolized the Seven Spirits of God, which emblem the complete Deity. Our illiterate theologian dared to soar into this sublime region of speculation, and presumed to analyze the seven-fold perfection of God. Now how was he to conduct this analyzation—how declare its results?

What apparatus had he for the process — what language for its expression? Prayer and thought were the instruments of his operations. For language he might select his illustrations from the phenomena of mind, or of matter. The philosophy of mind, however, for him was not; he had to create one for himself. And he had conceived the astonishing idea to account for all material appearances upon spiritual principles, and to prove the identity of the laws which influenced both Nature and Spirit. He was therefore teaching two sciences at the same time — Theology and Natural Philosophy — under one name, Theosophy. And no language had he but what was common to both, and all words are derived from the objects of the latter. He, therefore, at once, elected to set forth spiritual laws by their imperfect resemblances as they are to be found in the laws of nature; and more perfect symbols, indeed, may not be found: for the laws of nature are but the forms of the human understanding. What are both, but ‘as strings in the great harmony; as articulate words, but distinct parts of the Love-Sport,’ as Boëhme says, ‘of the angels.’ Well! of this seven-fold perfection divine, he presumed to call the first spirit an astringent power, sharp like salt, hidden in the Father. The second is an attractive power, vanquishing the astringent. The astringent and attracting powers, he says, by their contrariety, produce anguish — a raging sense — *not by agent and patient, but by violence and impatience.* This anguish is the third spirit; it is the cause of mind, senses, thoughts. It is an Exultation, the highest degree of joy, excited to a trembling in its own quality. These three spirits are but as millstones without corn, grinding each other. The raging spirit cannot deliver itself from the strong bands of Astringency, and excites Heat by its struggling, the extremity whereof is Fire. Now is the corn found for the millstones to grind. Heat is the fourth spirit, the beginner of life and of the spirit of life; it generates Light. The food of fire is cold; for want of which heat and fire would fall into anguish. But Infinity has no deficiency; therefore the fire, by rarefaction, breathes the sullen cold into liberty of Air. Air, again, by condensation, (being imposed upon by its father the Cold,) falls to water, which again, by the kindled element, is licked up by Nutrition. The fifth spirit, which is the produce of Light, which, as we have already learned, is intellectual as well as material, is Love. The sixth spirit is the Divine Word — whence Speech and Language, Colors, Beauty, and all ornament. And the seventh spirit is the Body generated out of the six other spirits, and in which they dwell as in their Sabbath. The seven spirits are the fountain of all Being. All these spirits together are

God the Father. The life generated by them all, and generating the life in them all, in triumph, is the Son of God—the second person in the Holy Trinity. The power of the seven spirits, proceeding continually in the splendor of the life forming all things in the seventh, is the Holy Ghost.

“Reader, unless thou canst thyself give meaning to these things, we cannot help thee to the significance, but if thou canst with whatever difficulty understand them, take our word first, that they are worth understanding. Thou mayest, however, form some notion of the same by attending a little to the following illustration, which we have abridged and modernized from William Law.

“The first forms of vegetable life, before it has received the sun and air, are sourness, astringency, bitterness. In a ripened fruit, these qualities improve into rich spirit, fine taste, fragrant smell, and beautiful color, having been enriched by the sun and air. This attraction, astringency, desire, is one and the same in every individual thing, from the highest angel to the lowest vegetable. Attraction is essential to all bodies; Desire, which is the same thing, is inseparable from all intelligent beings. And thus, by an unerring thread, may we ascend to the *first Desire*, or that of the Divinity. For nothing can come into being but because God wills or desires it. Its desire is creative; and the qualities of the Creator must necessarily pass into the creature. Herein lies the ground of all analogies between the world without and the world within. And as vegetables by their attraction or astringency, which is their desire, and as an outbirth of the divine desire, attain perfection by receiving the Light and Air of the external world, so do all intelligent beings attain their perfection by aspiring, with their will and desire, to God. and receiving of the word and spirit of God.”

These mystic pietists are to me most aromatic and refreshing. How living is their faith—deep their thought—humane and glowing their zeal! Boëhme, Guion, Fenelon, Law—these are beautiful souls. Sad that few of my contemporaries have apprehension of their thought, or faith in their intellectual integrity. O Age! thou believest nothing of this divine lore, but deemest it all moonstruck madness, wild fanaticism, or witless dream! God has ebbed clean from thy heart, and left thee loveless and blind. But, lo! he is rushing in full blood into the souls of thy youth, and thy sons and daughters, driven from the sanctuaries of wisdom and piety, shall prophesy

soon with cloven tongues of fire to thy discomfort and shame; for thy priests are godless, and thou art slave to the gauds of sense!

III. Let me quote some passages, profound as true, from papers of J. Westland Marston, another of Heraud's contributors.

3. ATHEISM.

"It is possible to be orthodox in head, and heterodox in heart. It is possible to be credist in view and infidel in character. There is an unloveliness of soul, which is the atheism of being, and this may clothe itself with the surplice, harangue from the pulpit, marry at the altar, and read prayers at the grave."

4. TRUTH.

"Facts may be true, and views may be true; but they are not truth. Truth is *sincere being*: it is not the perception of man; nor the deed of man; but when it is constituted it becomes the heart of man. And take this with you, ye wretched doctrinaires, who would almost special plead from God's universe, the privilege of God's mercy—that *all conclusions are heartless of which the heart is not the premise.*"

5. COWARDICE.

"We are poor cravens—we fight no battles—we blazon the name of some hero on our standard, and art frequent at parade in unsoiled uniforms. Not thus gay and glittering, in mirror-like armor, were the champions we venerate. Not thus marching after some embroidered name were found Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Coleridge, or Kant. Not thus calling themselves by some human name and exhibiting to the world in trim costume were Luther, Wickliffe, and the great reformers of all ages. Their garments were stained in the conflict; their swords hacked in the warfare. Say that there were fewer attestations to the merit of tailor and cutler, yet were there more testimonies to valor, and to earnestness of purpose."

6. INSIGHT.

"We shall appeal from the recorded belief of every age, to that which inspired it. We shall not be governed by the codes of men, but shall test their declarations by those antecedent intuitions common to us and them. Hitherto we have generally too much resembled sailless vessels towed by the more

fortunate ones which mount their own canvass. We must hoist our own — we must no longer be attached to the sterns of those who with us constitute the great fleet of humanity. Why should we be dragged along in the course of others? There is the same breeze to urge us that impels them. And need we direction in the voyage to eternity? The wind that wafts is even the pilot that guides.”—*Monthly Magazine*.

* * * * *

April.

VII. ORPHIC SAYINGS.

12th. Listen divinely to the sibyl within thee, saith the Spirit, and write thou her words. For now is thine intellect a worshipper of the Holy Ghost; now thy life is mystic — thy words marvels — and thine appeal to the total sense of man — a nature to the soul.

1. NATURE.

Nature bares never her bones; clothed in her own chaste rhetoric of flesh and blood — of color and feature, she is elegant and fair to the sense. And thus, O Philosopher, Poet, Prophet, be thy words — thy Scriptures; — thy thought, like Pallas, shaped bold and comely from thy brain — like Venus, formed quick from thy side — mystic as Memnon — melodious as the lyre of Orpheus.

2. IMMANENCE.

There is neither void in nature, nor death in spirit, — all is vital, nothing Godless. Both guilt in the soul and pain in the flesh, affirm the divine ubiquity in the all of being. Shadow apes substance, privation fullness; and nature in atom and whole, in planet and firmament, is charged with the present Deity.

3. INCARNATION.

Nature is quick with spirit. In eternal systole and diastole, the living tides course gladly along, incarnating organ and vessel in their mystic flow. Let her pulsations for a moment pause on their errands and creation's self ebbs instantly into chaos and invisibility again. The visi-

ble world is the extremest wave of that spiritual flood, whose flux is life, whose reflux death, efflux thought, and conflux light. Organization is the confine of incarnation, — body the atomy of God.

4. FAITH.

Sense beholds life never, — death always. For nature is but the fair corpse of spirit, and sense her tomb. Philosophy holds her torch while science dissects the seemly carcase. 'Tis faith unseals the sepulchres, and gives the risen Godhead to the soul's embrace. Blessed is he, who without sense believeth, — for already, is he resurrect and immortal!

5. UNBELIEF.

Impious faith! witless philosophy! prisoning God in the head, to gauge his volume or sound his depths, by admeasurements of brain. Know, man of skulls! that the soul builds her statue perpetually from the dust, and, from within, the spiritual potter globes this golden bowl on which thy sacrilegious finger is laid. Be wise, fool! and divine cerebral qualities from spiritual laws, and predict organizations from character.

6. ORACLE.

Believe, youth, despite all temptations, the oracle of deity in your own bosom. 'T is the breath of God's revelations, — the respiration of the Holy Ghost in your breast. Be faithful, not infidel to its intuitions, — quench never its spirit, — dwell ever in its omniscience. So shall your soul be filled with light, and God be an indwelling fact, — a presence in the depths of your being.

7. HEROISM.

Great is the man whom his age despises. For transcendent excellence is purchased through the obloquy of contemporaries; and shame is the gate to the temple of renown. The heroism honored of God, and the gratitude of mankind, achieves its marvels in the shades of life, remote from the babble of crowds.

8. DESERT.

Praise and blame as little belong to the righteous as to

God. Virtue transcends desert — as the sun by day, as heat during frosts. Its light and warmth are its essence, cheering alike the wilderness, the fields, and fire-sides of men, — the cope of heaven, and the bowels of the earth.

9. PATIENCE.

Be great even in your leisures ; making, accepting, opportunities, and doing lovingly your work at the first or eleventh hour, even as God has need of you. Transcend all occasions ; exhausted, overborne, by none. Wisdom waits with a long patience ; nor working, nor idling with men and times ; but living and being in eternity with God. Great designs demand ages for consummation, and Gods are coadjutors in their accomplishment. Patience is king of opportunity and times.

10. SOLITUDE.

Solitude is Wisdom's school. Attend then the lessons of your own soul ; become a pupil of the wise God within you, for by his tuitions alone shall you grow into the knowledge and stature of the deities. The seraphs descend from heaven, in the solitudes of meditation, in the stillness of prayer.

11. ATONEMENT.

All sin is original, — there is none other ; and so all atonement for sin. God's method is neither mediatorial nor vicarious ; and the soul is nor saved nor judged by proxy, — she saves or dooms herself. Piety is unconscious, vascular, vital, — like breathing it is, and is because it is. None can respire for another, none sin or atone for another's sin. Redemption is a personal, private act.

12. BLESSEDNESS.

Blessedness consists in perfect willingness. It is above all conflict. It is serenity, triumph, beatitude. It transcends choice. It is one with the divine Will, and a partaker of his nature and tendency. There is struggle and choice only with the wilful. The saints are elect in perfect obedience, and enact God's decrees.

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May.

VIII. HUSBANDRY.

15th. GARDEN. I planted my seeds and wed my currants and strawberries. I wrought gladly all day, — the air and sun most genial, — and sought my pillow at night with a weariness that made sleep most grateful and refreshing.

How dignified and dignifying is labor — and sweet and satisfying. Man, in his garden, recovers his position in the world; he is restored to his Eden, to plant and dress it again. Once more his self-respect is whole and healthful; and all men, apostate though they be, award him a ready and sincere approval.

The New Ideas bear direct upon all the economies of life. They will revise old methods and institute new cultures. I look with special hope to their effect on the regimen of the land. Our present modes of agriculture exhaust our soil, and must while life is made thus sensual and secular; the narrow covetousness which prevails in trade, in labor, and exchanges, ends in depraving the land; it breeds disease, decline, in the flesh, — debauches and consumes the heart. This Beast, named Man, has yet most costly tastes, and must first be transformed into a very man, regenerate in appetite and desire, before the earth shall be restored to fruitfulness, and redeemed from the curse of his cupidity. Then shall the toils of the farm become elegant and invigorating leisures; man shall grow his orchards and plant his gardens, — an husbandman truly, sowing and reaping in hope, and a partaker of his hope. Labor will be attractive. Life will not be worn in anxious and indurating toils; it will be at once a scene of mixed leisure, recreation, labor, culture. The soil, grateful then for man's generous usage, debauched no more by foul ordures, nor worn by cupidities, shall recover its primeval virginity, bearing on its bosom the standing bounties which a sober and liberal Providence ministers to his need, — sweet and invigorating growths, for the health and comfort of the grower.

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IX. BANQUET.

19th. I brought from our village a bag of wheaten flour for our board. Pythagorean in our diet, we yet make small demands on foreign products; but harvest our dust mostly from this hired acre. I would abstain from the fruits of oppression and blood, and am seeking means of entire independence. This, were I not holden by penury unjustly, would be possible. But abstinence from all participation in these fruits of sin, comes near defrauding one of his flesh and blood, raiment and shelter, so ramified and universal is this trade in Providence. One miracle we have wrought, nevertheless, and shall soon work all of them, our wine is water, — flesh, bread, — drugs, fruits, and we defy, meekly, the satyrs all, and Esculapius.

The Soul's Banquet is an art divine. To mould this statue of flesh, from chaste materials, kneading it into comeliness and strength, this is Promethean; and this we practice, well or ill, in all our thoughts, acts, desires. But specially in the exercise of the appetites. Thus Jesus, — "That which cometh out of the man, that it is which defiles him. For those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart, and they defile the man." And to like purpose Philostrates, — "The body is not corrupted save through the soul."

The modern doctrines on diet and regimen derive their authority from man's constitution and wants. Pythagoras declared them long since, and Porphyry wrote elegantly on this subject.

"The soul," he says, "is polluted by anger and desire and a multitude of passions, in which, in a certain respect, diet is a coöperating cause. But as water which flows through a rock is more uncorrupted than that which runs through marshes, because it does not bring with it mud; thus, also, the soul, which administers its own affairs in a body that is dry, and is not moistened by the juices of foreign flesh, is in a more excellent condition, is more uncorrupted, and is more prompt for intellectual energy. Thus, too, it is said, that the thyme, which is the driest and the sharpest to the taste, affords the best honey to bees. The dianoetic, therefore, or discursive power of the soul is polluted; or rather, he who energises dianoetically, when this energy is mingled with the energies of either the imagination or doxastic power. But purification consists in a

separation from all these, and the wisdom which is adapted to divine concerns, is a desertion of everything of this kind. The proper nutriment, likewise, of each thing is that which essentially preserves it. Thus you may say, that the nutriment of a stone is the cause of its continuing to be a stone, and of firmly remaining in a lapideous form; but the nutriment of a plant is that which preserves it in increase and fructification; and of an animated body, that which preserves its composition. It is one thing, however, to nourish and another to fatten; and one thing to impart what is necessary, and another to produce what is luxurious. Various, therefore, are the kinds of nutriment, and various, also, is the nature of the things that are nourished. And it is necessary that indeed all things should be nourished, but we should earnestly endeavor to fatten our most principal parts. Hence the nutriment of the rational soul is that which preserves it in a rational state. But this is intellect, so that it is to be nourished by intellect; and we should earnestly endeavor that it may be fattened through this, rather than that the flesh may become pinguid, through esculent substances. For intellect preserves for us eternal life, but the body when fattened causes the soul to be furnished through its hunger after a blessed life not being satisfied, increases our mortal part, since it is of itself insane, and impedes an attainment of an immortal condition of being. It likewise defiles by corporifying the soul, and drawing her down to that which is foreign to her nature. And the magnet, indeed, imparts, as it were, a soul to the iron, which is placed near it; and the iron, though most heavy, is elevated, and runs to the spirit of the stone. Should he therefore, who is suspended from incorporeal and incorruptible deity, be anxiously busied in procuring food which fattens the body, that is an impediment to intellectual perception? Ought he not rather, by contracting what is necessary to the flesh into that which is little and easily procured, be *himself* nourished, by adhering to God more closely than the iron to the magnet? I wish, indeed, that our nature was not so corruptible, and that it were possible we could live without the nutriment derived from fruits. O! that, as Homer says, we were not in want of meat or drink, that we might be truly immortal:—the poet in thus speaking beautifully signifying that food is the auxiliary not only of life, but also of death. If, therefore, we were not in want of vegetable aliment, we should be by so much the more blessed, in proportion as we should be more immortal. But now, living in a mortal condition, we render ourselves, if it may be proper so to speak, still more mortal, through becoming ignorant that by addition of this mortality, the soul, as Theophrastes says, does not only confer a great

benefit on the body by being its inhabitant, but giving herself wholly to it. Hence it is much to be wished, that we could easily obtain the life celebrated in fables, in which hunger and thirst are unknown, or that, by stopping the every-way-flowing river of the body, we may in a very little time be present with the most excellent natures, to which he who accedes, since deity is there, is himself a God. But how is it possible not to lament the condition of the generality of mankind, who are so involved in darkness, as to cherish their own evil, and who, in the first place, hate themselves, and him who begot them, and afterwards those who admonish them, and call on them to return from ebriety to a sober condition of being!"—PORPHYRY *on Abstinence from Animal Food.*

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June.

X. EPISTLE.

Cottage.

12th. Our garden and fields remind me whenever I step into their presence of your promise of spending awhile with us at the cottage. But lest you should chance to alight at my door, while I am absent, I write now to say, that I purpose to breathe those mountain airs, and shall leave for Vermont on Monday next—so do'n't come till after my return. I shall then have the more to communicate of the spirit of those hills. Lately I have been sent journeying to seek the members of that Brotherhood whom God designs shall dwell together in his Paradise. The time is near when the soul's fabled innocence shall luxuriate as a visible fact, rooted in the soil of New England; and scribes, wise even as the Hebrews of old, record their version of the Genesis of Man, and the peopling and planting of Eden.

I have visited the city, since I saw you, where I met persons a few of wise hearts and growing gifts and graces. God is breeding men and women, here and there, for the new Heaven and Earth. — Have you seen Humanus? He has been passing a few days with me, and a great promise he is to me. The youth is rich in wisdom; a child of deepest and truest life. God has a work for the boy, and set him about it betimes—while his years scarce

numbered an halfscore — and now he is great beside his contemporaries and shall honor his trusts.

Remember I am to see you on my return.

Your friend.

XI. VERMONT.

Green Mountains.

17th. Bland the air, picturesque the scenery of these hills. This is the Switzerland of our Republic, and these mountaineers are parcel of their mountains, and love them as do the Swiss. This, too, is the scenery, this the clime, these the pursuits, for growing freemen. And here is the Haunt of Reform; cherished by these austere ministries of toil and storm, the Child is waxing in stature, and shall leap, soon, from hill to hill, sounding his trump to the four winds of heaven.

Yet over these primeval hills, clothed in perennial verdure — these passes, whose sides are instinct with bleating sheep and lowing kine, or proudly standing with the growths of ages — the wizard Trade has swept her wand of sorceries, and on these shepherds and swineherds are visited the sordid and debasing vices of the distant towns they feed!

But, apart, on this Alp, on the summit of this green range, and in a region of ideas fitly emblemed by the scene, dwells my friend above the ignoble toils of men below. This forest fell prostrate before his sturdy arm, and gave him these ample ranges for his flocks, with acres now in pasture and tillage; and here, under these cliffs rose his farm house; there more exalted still, his generous barns. And now visited with humane charities, he surrenders portions of the same to sincere and simple persons — the weary and heavy laden children of oppressive institutions — who here find rest in the arms of a Providence, unsold, unbought, and freed from the anxieties of want and dependence. Aware of the change passing fast over all human affairs, he is planting deep in this free soil, the New Ideas, and awaits in faith the growing of a wiser and nobler age.

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July.

XII. CONVERSATION.

9th. These journeyings reveal to me the state of the people. They make plain the need of a simpler priesthood—a ministry at the field, road, fire-side, bed-side; at tables, in families, neighborhoods—wheresoever man meets man truly. Now all ministries are aloof from human needs. Societies, senates, preaching, teaching, conversation, game ignobly with men's hearts; and there is no great and sincere intercourse—souls do not meet; and man, woman, child, bewail their solitude. Sincerity in thought and speech can alone redeem man from this exile and restore confidence into his relations. We must come to the simplest intercourse—to Conversation and the Epistle. These are most potent agencies—the reformers of the world. The thoughts and desires of men wait not thereby the tardy and complex agencies of the booksellers' favor, printers' type, or reader's chances, but are sped forthwith far and wide, by these nimble Mercuries. Christianity was published solely by the lip and pen, and the Christian documents—the entire literature of this great fact—is comprised in a few brief fragments of the Life and Sayings of Jesus, and the Epistles of his immediate adherents. And thus shall the New Ideas find currency in our time and win the people to themselves.

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August.

XIII. PROPERTY.

12th. COTTAGE. Again I have read "Coleridge's Political Essays" in "the Friend." They please me less than formerly. He distrusts her early dream of realizing a simpler state of society, and plants his State, not in the soil of individual conscience, but in the shallows of expediency; and deems it an institution for the security of freeholds. But to property man has no moral claim whatsoever; use, not ownership of the planet and parts thereof, constitutes his sole inheritance; he is steward of God's estate, and commissary of Heaven's stores to his brethren; nor rightfully hoards or appropriates the same to his own sole benefit.

"Wealth often sours
In keeping; makes us hers in seeming ours;
She slides from Heaven indeed, but not in Danæ's showers."

This sin of appropriation—this planting the state in ownership of the soil, not in man's spiritual needs—has been the infirmity of all communities called civilized. But the New Order must abrogate this ancient error, and thus remove the fruitful cause of the decline of nations. The Just own nothing. They trade never in the gifts of Providence, perverting these to secular ends, but benefits flow unimpeded through all the channels of household, brotherhood, neighborhood, and Love is the beneficent Almoncerto, all members of the social family.

"All things," says Grotius, "were at first promiscuously common, and all the world had, as it were, but one patrimony. From hence it was that every man then converted what he would to his own use, and consumed whatever was to be consumed, and a free use of this universal right did at that time supply the place of property. For no man could justly demand of another whatever he had thus just taken to himself; which is the better illustrated by that simile of Cicero, 'Since the theatre is common for any body that comes, the place that every one sits in is properly his own.' And this state of things must have continued till now, had men persisted in their primitive simplicity, or lived together but in perfect charity.

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September.

XIV. EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

3d. These Essays are truly noble. They report a wisdom akin to that which the great of all time have loved and spoken. It is a most refreshing book; and I am sure of its reputation with those who make fames and ages.

And yet I qualify my admiration of the author's genius. Great in the isolation of thought, he neither warms nor inspires me. He writes from the intellect to the intellect, and hence some abatement from the health of his statements, the depths of his insights—purchased always at the cost of vital integrity; the mind lapsing in the knowl-

edge thus gained. But yet is this the tax on all pure intellect, — the ghost of the heart which it slays to embrace!

A passage in the Essays indicates this fact.

“The most illuminated class of men are no doubt superior to literary fame, and are not writers. Among the multitude of scholars and authors, we feel no hallowing presence; we are sensible of a knock and skill rather than of inspiration; they have a light, and know not whence it comes, and call it their own; their talent is some exaggerated faculty, some overgrown member, so that their strength is a disease. In these instances, the intellectual gifts do not make the impression of virtue, but almost of vice, and we feel that a man’s talents stand in the way of advancement in truth. But genius is religious.” And again, “Converse with a mind that is grandly simple and literature looks like word-catching. The simplest utterances are worthiest to be written, yet are they so cheap, and so things of course that in the infinite riches of the soul, it is like gathering a few pebbles off the ground, or bottling a little air in a phial, when the whole earth and whole atmosphere are ours. The mere author, in such society, is like a pickpocket among gentlemen, who has come in to steal a gold button or a pin. Nothing can pass there or make you one of the circle, but the casting aside your trappings, and dealing man to man in naked truth, plain confession, and omniscient affirmation.” — *Oversoul, Essay IX.*

This tendency to thought leads often the scholar to undervalue in practice the more spiritual, but less intellectual life of the will of the pietist, or sublimer mystic — those epic souls to whom the world owes mainly its revelations; — and of whom scholars and bards, naturalists and philosophers, are but interpreters and scribes. Thought is, indeed, but the pen of the soul; genius the eye; love the heart; and all expression, save action, is falsehood fabling in the ciphers of truth.

I would be just to the literary function, and give it rightful place in the soul’s order. Character, integrity of will, to this all men yield homage. But thought, the power of drawing the soul from her sanctuary in the breast, and representing her life in words, whether by pen or lip, is in all healthful and innocent natures subordinate to the affections of the will. Then intellect becomes the servant of the moral power; and it is when this function of thought creates a despotism to itself, that its sway becomes

evil. Literary men incline to this extreme ; their thoughts tyrannize over their actions ; they think not to live, but live solely to think. But the man then lives when all his powers are willing and contemporaneous exercise ; when feeling, thought, purpose, are instant, consentaneous acts. And this entireness of life is the condition and essence of Virtue and Genius.

Two orders of men there are, each fulfilling high trusts to the world, but serving it in diverse manners. Of the one, the world inquires after his word — his thought, of the other, his intent — his act ; and both are its redeemers and saviours — breathing the breath of life into the multitudes.

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October.

XV. REFORM. An Epistle.

10th October, 1841.

DEAR SIR,

In addressing you now, I obey an impulse, long felt, to express my sense of the exceeding import of your labors on the well being of mankind ; and to declare, moreover, my pleasure in a contemporary who dares, without fear or stint, utter his word to the world. And to this I am urged not from a sense of intellectual benefit merely, but of humanity and justice. For I know how sweet and invigorating is a timely and discerning sympathy to him who suffers for declaring truths above the apprehension of his time ; and can appreciate that magnanimous self-respect which appeals greatly from the injustice of contemporaries to the wiser sight of posterity.

We live when Reform slips glibly off the tongues of men, and when almost every vital interest has made to itself zealots, desperate almost in its advocacy, and forged cumbrous weapons to mitigate the evils in the world. But, to me, these popular measures seem quite external, inadequate ; and the charlatany, and cant of reform, is most offensive. This puling zeal — this shallow philanthropy — this wit of the sense, and not of the soul — will neither heal nor save us. The change must originate within and work outwards. The inner being must first be reorganized. And the method of regeneration must be

learned, not by prescription, but from Experience — from self-conquest — self-insight: its law revealed by fidelity to the spiritual constitution. Renovation of being must precede all outward reformation of organs and functions, and the whole man be first sanctified by the wholesome discipline of a true Life.

Hence reform begins truly with individuals, and is conducted through the simplest ministries of families, neighborhoods, fraternities, quite wide of associations, and institutions. The true reformer initiates his labor in the precincts of private life, and makes it, not a set of measures, not an utterance, not a pledge, merely, but a life; and not an impulse of a day, but commensurate with human existence; a tendency towards perfection of being.

Viewed in this wise, your statements of the Doctrine and Regimen of Life, assume great importance in my thought. They demonstrate, and on a scale coördinate with facts, the art of moulding man — of planting the new Eden — of founding the new institutions. They shed a palpable, practical light over the economies of the household — the family — the field — and followed in all their bearings, must give to life, a fullness of comfort, health, purity, inspiration, piety, peace. They lead men to a recovery of his innocence — reinstate him, a primeval creature, in his original estate on the earth, in harmony with nature, the animal world, his fellows, himself, his Creator: and make sure both the redemption and conservation of the human race — even as man's hope has divined, his faith affirmed, his hand recorded in the Scriptures of all Time.

These, I conceive, are results, to which the New Ideas, espoused now by living minds, and traced more specially by yourself in their vital bearings are tending. A sublimer faith is quickening the genius of men; and philosophy, science, literature, art, life, shall be created anew by its heavenly inspirations.

I acknowledge, with thanks, though late, the gift of your Lecture, and learn with hope of your intention of printing soon your book on the Relations of the Hebrew Ritual to the Constitution of Man. It will deal another and sure blow, at the superstitions and usages of the popular faith.

I wish it were in my power to urge its claims in prospect on the attention of men; but I am less in favor with the public than yourself even; and shall possibly lose the privilege of availing myself of the lights of your researches—bread, shelter, raiment, being scarce yielded me, by the charity and equity of my time. But,

I am the more

Your friend and contemporary.

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XVI. PYTHAGOREAN SAYINGS.

I.

It is either requisite to be silent or to say something better than silence.

II.

It is impossible that he can be free who is a slave to his passions.

III.

Every passion of the soul is hostile to its salvation.

IV.

We should avoid and amputate by every possible artifice, by fire and sword, and all various contrivances, from the body, disease; from the soul, ignorance; from the belly, luxury; from a city, sedition; from a house, discord; and at the same time from all things, immoderation.

V.

Expel sluggishness from all your actions; opportunity is the only good in every action.

VI.

Do those things which you judge to be beautiful, though in doing them you should be without renown. For the rabble is a bad judge of a good action. Despise therefore the reprehension of those whose praise you despise.

VII.

It is better to live lying in the grass confiding in divinity and yourself, than to lie in a golden bed with perturbation.

VIII.

A statue indeed standing on its basis, but a worthy man on the subject of his deliberate choice, ought to be immovable.

IX.

It is not death but a bad life that destroys the soul.

X.

The gods are not the causes of evils, and diseases and calamities of the body are the seeds of intemperance.

XI.

The soul is illuminated by the recollection of divinity.

XII.

When the wise man opens his mouth, the beauties of his soul present themselves to view, like the statues of a temple. — JAMBLICHUS'S *Life of Pythagoras*.

A. B. ALCOTT.

MARIE VAN OOSTERWICH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

“WHY do you blush in speaking to me of him, Marie? Is it that you think no longer that the love of the arts should be your only love?”

“Always, Master, but this young man has talent, and I could have wished that you would have accepted him as a pupil,”

“On his account only, Marie?”

The young girl bent her head, and the old man continued, kissing her forehead, —

“My noble child, I regret having forbid him entrance to my studio, for I love thee too much, to give thee pain even in the person of another.”

And without waiting Marie's answer, he who spoke thus, laying aside a palette and brushes which he held, hastened

to the door of the studio, and half-opening it, called several times to a person who was descending the stairs.

This Master so paternal, this old man who understood so well a young girl's heart, was Jean David van Heem, a celebrated painter of Utrecht, to whom all the sovereigns of Europe had sent patents of nobility, and who excelled in painting flowers, and the precious vases in which they bloomed.

The artist had founded at Utrecht a celebrated school, where many pupils came to form themselves. The Master's eye divined genius even in the bud, and the pupil who possessed this gift was initiated by him into all the mysteries of the art.

But David van Heem had been a long time without finding any one, in whom he hoped to live again. He saw that he was growing old, and he felt a sadness mixed with pride, that he could not have formed a pupil who should equal him; it seemed to him that he should die without posterity. One day, while finishing a masterpiece, this sad thought drew a tear from his eye. While musing thus, there was a light knock at the door of his studio, and one of his servants announced to him that a minister of the reformed church, accompanied by a young girl, asked to speak with him. The painter quitted his work, and ordered the strangers to be introduced. He rose to receive a man forty years of age, who led by the hand a young girl, who appeared to be about fifteen. This man had a grave demeanor, at once noble and modest. He was habited entirely in black, and his unornamented dress announced the ecclesiastic. His calm and serene aspect seemed a reflection of the Gospel, whose holy doctrines he professed. He was the father of the beautiful child whom he led. The young girl wore a robe of brown merino, which fitted closely to her finely rounded figure, and her beautiful fair hair was imprisoned in one of those coils of silk and black lace, worn by the wives and daughters of the Dutch citizens. Her young face, around which clustered some golden ringlets, shone forth yet more fresh and rosy under the black covering of this nun's hood. She kept her large blue eyes timidly cast down; she raised them at a word from her father, and smiling, showed her small pearly teeth, of dazzling whiteness. This angelic face attracted

the notice of David van Heem, who took the hand of the young girl kindly, and asked her father what he desired of him. The Protestant minister took from under his daughter's arm a portfolio of drawings, and having opened it, drew from it several sketches which he showed to the great artist.

"The child whom you see there has painted these flowers, without a master, notwithstanding the prohibition of her mother, who would have preferred seeing her at her needlework. For myself I have opposed her taste for the art, for I thought that the life of a woman to be calm and happy should be retired, that the *éclat* of talent became not a young maiden, and that especially for her, there is less joy than grief in the applause of this world. But her inclinations have triumphed over my efforts; all the flowers of the field have lived again under her inexperienced hand, which divined drawing, without having learned it; and seeing her imitations equal nature, I said to myself, it was the will of God; and the talent with which he has gifted her will not be fatal to her."

"Say that it will make her glory and her fortune," cried David van Heem, surveying with a beaming face the sketches before him. The child who has painted these flowers is destined to be the ornament of her country."

"Approach Marie," said her father, happy in spite of himself at the future promise to his daughter; — "ask our greatest painter to receive you as a pupil, and henceforth love and respect him as a father,"

"And from this day," replied David van Heem, embracing the young girl; and pressing affectionately the hand of the Protestant minister, "this child shall be treated in my house like my own child, and I will unfold to her all the mysteries of my art."

Some tears fell on Marie's cheeks, but she found no words to express her gratitude. The family of David van Heem became hers, his daughters treated her like a younger sister. Surrounded by love, encouraged by sweet praises, it seemed to her that she already tasted the first fruits of that artist-life, which her master had prophesied for her.

David van Heem understood the tender and enthusiastic soul of Marie. He poured out on her all his paternal

bounty. That she might feel less the absence of her family, and that she might devote herself with ardor to the study of painting, he developed in her that love of art, which had possessed her while a mere child, and soon the whole world concentrated itself for the young girl within the compass of the studio, where her labors were mingled with those of her master. David van Heem blessed Heaven that he had found a pupil worthy of him. Sometimes the old man took pleasure in making Marie finish one of his own works, and he was proud as a father, when the amateurs to whom he showed his picture could not distinguish Marie's touch from his own. Under such a master, who, far from dreading her rivalry, encouraged it, the progress of Marie was rapid. After one year's study, she had mastered the whole science, and equalled the painter in execution; she already knew enough to dispense with lessons, but David could not dispense with her. She was the joy and pride of his age, and often in her bursts of gratitude, she promised the old man never to quit him.

The studio of David van Heem presented a charming picture. The noble old man, palette in hand, standing before a great canvass, destined for some sovereign of Europe, was surrounded by his daughters, good and simple women, who conversed gaily with Marie. The young inspired artist made the flowers bloom on the same canvass with her master. How beautiful she was thus, this young girl of seventeen! Her blue eyes always so sweet, glowed then with all the fire of genius; her cheeks bright with the animation of labor contrasted with the whiteness of her neck, upon which her hair fell luxuriantly. Her figure was of a flexibility full of elegance, and her delicate rosy hands, which held the palette and brushes, seemed to have been formed for a model. She was a wholly poetical being, who realized for her old master the muse of painting.

Baskets of natural flowers, which served for models, exhaled their perfumes; precious vases and antique bronzes from Italy charmed the eye. The portraits of all the sovereigns of Europe, suspended from the walls, attracted the attention. Among them was preëminent the noble head of Louis the Fourteenth, full of grandeur. The king of France had himself sent his portrait to David van Heem, and other princes had followed his example, thus the studio

of the painter was adorned with gifts, which royalty bestowed upon genius, as from power to power. .

How noble was this artist life! how serene and graceful the interior of the studio! Sometimes the happy laborers were interrupted by illustrious visitors, who came to render homage to their talent, and purchase their paintings. Then only did any news from without reach this sanctuary; generally the world was nothing to them in this peaceful happiness. Often Marie sang with her master some solemn and affecting chant, which the daughters of David van Heem repeated in chorus. They laughed, they played, they admired an effect of light which the brush sought to produce, and the present day flowed on as happy as the past, and the morrow brought the same happiness.

Three years of Marie's life had thus passed away; three years, which had brought forth in her soul only pure and calm sentiments, or those quickening inspirations of art, which kindle the soul, without exhausting it. It is true that the poetical organization of Marie was tempered by that transparent and slightly cold nature, which makes the heart of a German woman beat only by halves. Marie's thoughts were lost in her musings, and asked nothing beyond. Among the pupils of David van Heem, no other had been admitted to his intimacy, no other had obtained the praises of the master, or had been distinguished by him. Marie confounded them in her indifference, her look never rested on any of them, and she could say with Shakespeare's Miranda, that she had never seen a man.

On the evening previous to the day when our story begins, Marie was painting near her master, when the door of the studio opened. A young man asked to speak with David van Heem.

"Enter, my friend," said the artist kindly. "You are not unknown to me," continued he, after having looked at him; "I have seen you before in my studio."

"Yes, and you took no notice of me," replied the young man with assurance, "therefore I take the liberty to come and recommend myself by showing you this sketch."

And he placed before the master triumphantly a very remarkable flower painting.

"You paint boldly; with strength, but too quickly; there is somewhat of the furioso in your work."

"Master, that is because I am lazy."

"Singular explanation of the fault with which I reproach you! It is from laziness then that you work too quickly?"

"Yes, master, I work quickly, that I may do nothing afterwards."

"And what charm do you find in inaction?"

"When I repose, I travel, I dream, I drink."

At this last word, Marie raised her head, and cast a look of disdainful astonishment upon him who had just uttered it. He continued without appearing troubled, and addressing himself to her;

"Yes, mademoiselle, does that surprise you? does that seem strange to you? A half intoxication inspires in my brain enchanting dreams; then I am surrounded by paintings more exquisite than those of our great master; I contemplate monuments which defy the most magnificent monuments of antiquity; I love and am beloved by young girls nearly as beautiful as you, mademoiselle."

He said this with assurance, fixing his long black eyes full of boldness on Marie's look, which immediately fell.

"We have nothing to do with that, my boy," said David van Heem; "you have talent, if you will apply yourself more closely. You can acquire some day fortune and renown."

"Let fortune go; as for renown, it is, you see, like the fog, which passes over our rivers; I should love as well the water which flows beneath, though, to say the truth, water and I are open enemies."

"Truce to these vulgar pleasantries," said David van Heem with severity. "If you wish that I should find you worthy to be admitted into my studio, you must reform your language and conduct. Nature has well endowed you; but there is much yet to be done to aid nature."

"It is truly admirable!" cried Marie, who had approached some moments before to look at the young man's sketch.

And as if speaking to herself, she added in a low tone, — "I have never done anything so well."

"Do you hear that praise?" said David; "it should make you very proud, for she who has pronounced it is Marie von Oosterwich, one of our greatest painters."

"I knew that," replied the young man; "but that which I was ignorant of, and which is worth more, is that Marie is without doubt the most beautiful woman in the world."

Speaking thus, he looked eagerly at the young girl.

"Is not he a child!" said David, smiling; not being able to conceal the paternal satisfaction which he felt in the praises of Marie;—"I like your frankness, my friend; talk less, be modest, and return to work in my studio," added the good master, tapping him lightly on the shoulder. "But what is your name?"

"Guillaume van Aelst."

"Ah! I knew your uncle; a painter of talent, but too fond of the tavern, and of doing nothing."

"It is a family failing."

"But which can be rooted out," replied David; "promise me to drink no more, and to renounce the 'far niente,' a bad herb brought from Italy."

"Here I shall have no longer need of the intoxication that wine gives," replied Guillaume, glancing again at Marie; "beautiful dreams will come of themselves; but with these dreams how sweet will be the 'far niente.' Labor opposes thought in its vague excursions."

"Bah, bah!" interrupted David.

"Cannot one labor while dreaming?" said Marie in her turn. These were the only words that she uttered. They escaped from her as the involuntary expression of hope.

"If one must work to please you, master, I will work," said Guillaume, eagerly; and his look addressed itself to Marie.

"Well! to-morrow; I will retain your sketch to examine it more closely."

The young man bowed and retreated slowly, turning his head at each step; he did not meet Marie's eye.

"What a charming figure that young man has," cried the old painter.

"What a fine talent!" said Marie.

"Very well," said David with an arch smile; "I make the remark which you should have made, and you that which became me; you speak like the old man, and I like the young girl."

"What do you mean, master?"

"That you should rather remark the figure of the young man than his talent, and I rather his talent than his figure."

And the happy old man laughed at his own words, and at the embarrassment of the young girl.

"But," said she, "I noticed both."

"And in that case, what do you think of them?"

"I thought his face agreeable, and his talent wonderful. These flowers, are they not supernatural?" said she, pointing to Guillaume's sketch. "This cactus, with its purple flowers, its firm and pointed leaves; these aloes, with their alabaster bunches, bristling with thorns, are they not admirable? We should say they were preserved at Amsterdam in the greenhouses of the Stadtholder."

"How!" said the master, more gaily, "those great black eyes, veiled with drooping lashes, surmounted by two arches of ebony, that pure and intellectual brow, that thick brown hair in wavy masses, that mouth with its coquettish moustache, adorned with dazzling teeth, that elegant figure, which a black velvet doublet displays to advantage, does not all that make a charming cavalier! Ah! ah! ah! you see that I have good eyes."

Marie smiled not; she threw herself with emotion upon the paternal bosom of David, and said to him, half trembling;

"Master, do you wish then that I should love this young man?"

"And why not, if he should become one of our greatest painters, if I can render him worthy of thee? From to-morrow we will begin his education." Saying these words, he went out on business, and left Marie with a new thought, with a sentiment never before awakened in her soul. She understood nothing of the unknown reverie, which took possession of her; she could not explain to herself why she had abandoned her brushes, and remained pensive before Guillaume's sketch. This sketch was very beautiful. She had at first admired it enthusiastically, but she now saw it no longer; instead of those Asiatic flowers, with their brilliant colors and their gigantic forms, which the young painter had designedly chosen to develop the bold and vivid touches of his brush; Marie saw behind them the passionate and expressive face of Guil-

laume. She remained thus many hours, absorbed in a kind of inward contemplation. When David van Heem reëntered the studio, he gently reproved her idleness, for, looking at her work, he perceived that she had not done anything since his departure.

“Are you going to be like Guillaume? Are you going to imitate his idleness, and dream so as to do nothing?” said the good painter laughing.

“Oh! to-morrow I will atone for the time lost,” replied she, with emotion, “but to-day I am indisposed.”

And the poor child blushed; she thought she had deceived, yet she told the truth; she was not well; an emotion at once deep and quiet threw her body and soul into a soft languor. For the first time in her life she was silent and pensive at evening, and at night her fair lashes were not closed; this was her first sleepless night.

Is love then a grief, that from its first awakening it should express itself in sadness and tears? Its passionate transports, its ardent extasies, its most intoxicating felicities are mixed with dark shadows and melancholy smiles. We do not enjoy this intense happiness. We dream, we desire, we call, and believe that we seize it, when we grasp only its phantom; and when we think that we have lost it, we weep as if we had possessed it. It is but a celestial mirage, but is worth more than all the oases on the earth. Often he who causes this deceitful vision is ignorant, or is unworthy of it; then the soul which deceives itself is the prey of its own dreams, and is consumed in torments of its own creation. Love, that tyrannical sentiment, often enchains hearts, that nothing should draw together. It fixes the virgin thoughts of the young maiden upon the impure man, who profanes them; it unites a calm, sweet life to a stormy and licentious being; it casts devotion to egotism, as a martyr to the lions of the circus.

Marie had none of those forebodings which poison love; but she wondered in her innocence that her thoughts could rest on a young man of such shameless manners and speech. He was handsome, but of an ignoble beauty; he had talent, but presumption without true pride; he was full of vanity; he was not truly an artist, an inspired artist, at once proud and modest. He believed not in his own genius, and had received it from God, without compre-

hending its greatness. Marie felt all this vaguely ; but in the impetuosity of her heart, stronger than her reason and her purity, she accused herself of judging too harshly and too quickly one, who, after all, had received from heaven two marks of special favor, beauty and genius.

On the morrow, Marie's cheeks were pale ; yet she had regained her calm exterior, and painted with her master, conversing calmly ; yet she felt a vague uneasiness ; it was past noon and Guillaume had not arrived.

"Our young man is late," said her master, as if he had divined her thought. "He has not boasted falsely, he is indolent and careless."

Marie did not reply.

"I have made some inquiries concerning him," continued David van Heem ; "they say that he is disorderly in his habits, that he works only when urged by necessity ; but that, like the Neapolitan *lazzarone*, living is for him doing nothing."

"He has confessed to us all his faults," said Marie, "and you had hope of correcting them."

"I have reflected on it, and it appears difficult to me."

"What ! even before having undertaken it ?"

"Poor child ! " murmured David. She remained silent, and appeared to muse sadly.

Before admitting Guillaume into the sanctuary of his studio, David van Heem had made inquiries concerning his character. At first he had been won in spite of himself, by his frankness, the power of his talent, and his handsome face ; but perceiving that Marie had received the same impressions, he wished to assure himself if he who caused them was really worthy of them. The good old man thought of Marie's future life ; he pictured it to himself as calm and brilliant as her present life ; and he would have reproached himself with treason, if he had not secured the happiness of the angel, sent by God to his old age. He had learned in the city, that Guillaume, an undisciplined child, had quitted his family at the age of twelve years. Vagabond and idle, he cultivated the talent with which nature had endowed him, merely to gratify his passions, wine and play. Hardly had he attained his nineteenth year, when he was already cited at Utrecht, where he had been but six months, as a frequenter of taverns.

Learning Guillaume's conduct, David van Heem regretted having too quickly and easily consented to give the young painter private lessons, and to admit him into the chaste society of his dear Marie. He almost reproached himself with having been imprudent, and he was thinking how to repair his fault, when Guillaume appeared. He bowed with a careless air, his hair was in disorder, his dress retained the scent of wine, his appearance bore marks of having just left the inn. Marie dared not look at him, and David gave him a scrutinizing glance.

"I have made you wait," said he unconcernedly; "pardon, master; but before immuring myself in a cloister, I was obliged to bid adieu to my companions; and I have just sworn to them eternal friendship, glass in hand."

"It was a young man of talent, and not a sot, that I expected to admit to my studio," said the old man, fixing on Guillaume a stern look.

The young man sustained this look with assurance, and replied smiling;—

"Do you think, master, that the love of wine prevented Schoorel and Mabuse from being great men?"

"I think," replied David half vexed, "that we should imitate their talent, and not their vice. Rubens, the eagle of painting, had as much grandeur in his sentiments as in his genius, and was never sullied by those ignoble habits, that you call relaxations. If the life of Mabuse tempt you, choose a master who resembles him, I shall not suit you."

"Is it a dismissal that you give me?"

"Well! yes, go," said David with some emotion; "our peaceful habits are not yours."

"I could have accommodated myself to them, and found a charm in them."

The old painter shook his head.

"It is well," replied Guillaume haughtily; "I will take my sketch, and bid you adieu. Adieu, Mademoiselle."

Marie answered not; she did not raise her head; she feared lest he might see a tear fall from her long lashes. But when Guillaume had gone she attempted to justify him; and it was then that the good painter, who could not resist one of Marie's desires, blaming himself for his severity, as he had at first for his indulgence, recalled the young man, who had already passed the staircase. Guil-

laume returned slowly, and reëntered the studio triumphantly.

"You have thought better of it?" said he, "and I think that you are right; I am worth more than I appear to be, and shall perhaps do you honor."

And without waiting a word from the Master, he placed his sketch on an easel, and began to paint. Then his companions seemed to have dissappeared from before him; he painted with ardor, with rapture; one would have thought him mastered by his work.

"The plant, which he reproduced from memory, grew under his brushes, as from the hand of nature. Marie and David van Heem looked at him with admiration. When he had finished according to his fancy his sketch, already far advanced, he pushed back the easel with his foot, threw down his brushes and maul-stick, and crossing his arms, he remained motionless, contemplating Marie. Labor had animated his features and stamped them with nobleness and inspiration. His black eye, calm and radiant, had a penetrating glance, which attracted the notice of the young girl; without wishing it, Marie looked at Guillaume, and felt happy in seeing him so handsome. Guillaume smiled like a man in ecstasy; but soon his face lost by degrees every trace of enthusiasm; a kind of languor overspread his features, and his head sank on his breast, his eyes closed, he appeared to sleep.

"He has fainted," cried Marie, with a kind of fright.

"He is asleep," said David van Heem calmly.

"It is the fatigue of labor and inspiration," added Marie, almost with respect.

"It is the fatigue of his voluptuous dreams," murmured the master, who had observed Guillaume, with the sagacity of an old man.

And leading Marie away, he left the young man asleep in his studio.

After some hours of deep sleep, Guillaume awoke, and taking the picture which he had finished during the day, went out. He felt the appetite of twenty years; and as he did not need to pass the night in sleep, he passed it in good cheer. The following morning, leaving the tavern, he went to a broker, where he sold for some florins the masterpiece, which he had finished the preceding evening.

The landlord of the inn waited at the door, and took from Guillaume's hand the money that had just been counted out to him. Remaining without resources for the day, Guillaume thought on working anew, and regained the house of David van Heem; it seemed yet buried in sleep; no sound was heard; but as the gate of the garden which fronted the house was ajar, Guillaume repaired to the studio, where everything was still quiet.

He entered by stealth, and stood some minutes without perceiving Marie, who was deeply engaged in a prayer-book. She herself had not heard the sound of his steps, and Guillaume remained contemplating her, without her raising her head,—she had ceased reading, and remained seated on one of those splendid arm-chairs of ebony, with gothic carvings, so precious in our times. Dressed in a white robe, her arms and shoulders half bare, her hair flowing in golden ringlets over her calm brow and pale cheeks; thus leaning her head on her hand, sad and pensive, she resembled one of those ethereal beings sung by Moore; celestial beings who suspected not our miseries, and were initiated into them by love. Marie had passed a tranquil night; the evening before Guillaume had appeared to her a noble and earnest young man, full of genius and enthusiasm for the arts; she no longer repelled his image; the last words which her master uttered had not reached her ears, and had she heard them, she would not have understood their import. She loved Guillaume, and she knew not that she ought to forbid herself to love him. He was a brother, whom God had sent to her, and at this thought she prayed for him. Suddenly she raised her blue eyes, so clear and pure, but she did not see Guillaume. Her look rested on the trellised window, near which she was sitting, and she stretched her hand out mechanically to pluck one of the climbing bell-flowers, which formed on the lattice a mosaic of flowers and verdure. Not being able to reach it, she rose to gather it. The breeze of spring breathing through the trees of the garden into the studio, made Marie's dress flutter, and waving the hair from her face, imprinted on her cheeks a rosy tint as delicate as the flower of the bind-weed which she twisted in her fingers. The sunbeams sparkled over her head like a golden halo. She had an expression so holy, that one must have blessed and

adored her with reverence ; but Marie's beauty was at the same time so youthful and moving that it inflamed Guillaume's passions. He rushed toward the young girl, and surrounding her with his arms, as if to prevent her flight, cried ; " Oh ! Marie, how beautiful you are ! " — and he imprinted a kiss on her arm. The innocent girl did not refuse him ; she looked at him with happiness, and said to him without blushing ; " It is you, ah ! it is you, Guillaume, who are beautiful ! " And their looks mingled with transport. Marie became pale and cold ; Guillaume pressed his burning lips to hers. Then, as if a mysterious and sudden revelation had penetrated her heart, she freed herself from Guillaume's embrace ; then returning to herself with dignity, in her turn she touched with her lips the forehead of the young man, and said to him with a trembling voice ; — " Guillaume, you are my betrothed, you are the first whose lips have touched mine ; Guillaume you will be the last. " And tottering with emotion, she fell fainting.

Fright made Guillaume forget that this young girl was in his power ; fear made him respectful. Seeing her so pale and cold, terror seized him ; he thought that he had killed her. He went to seek assistance, when David van Heem appeared.

Divining the truth, and even more, he seemed to regain the strength of his youth to hurl down Guillaume, and drive him from his studio.

" Miserable wretch, what have you done ? " cried he, raising his arm against him.

" Nothing, " answered Guillaume, in a tone of frankness. " I love her. "

" You love her, and have insulted her ? " cried the old painter ; " Go ; I will know the truth from her. "

Guillaume departed. Marie quickly recovered. With the anxiety of a father, David van Heem dared not at first interrogate her. But when he saw that the blood again colored her cheeks, he folded her to his heart, and drying a tear, he demanded from her instantly the truth. She answered by tears ; then the avowal of her love escaped from her in these words ; " I love him and I have told him so. "

" And he ? " replied the old master with vivacity.

“Oh! he, he loves me also,” said she; and she related frankly the scene which we have described.

David comprehended this spontaneous development of a feeling which we have formerly known; but he foresaw all the abandonment and danger of it. He made Marie understand that she ought to resist, not the transports of her heart, which would be always pure, but Guillaume's desires, which might mislead her. He made her feel that, which natural modesty and innocence reveal but by halves; that love ought to be concealed in the heart of a woman, until the day, when a holy sanction should come, to perpetuate by consecrating it. She understood that until then to avow her love would be to profane it, and she promised her master, that without retracting the words which had escaped from her in her innocence, she would never express to Guillaume what she felt for him, — “until” she added, “you shall tell me. You may love him, and I shall feel that this love is no longer discordant with my other sentiments; for, I must confess to you, master, I should not have chosen this love; it has come to me, it astonishes me, it is contrary to my nature; but I resist in vain; it triumphs; it intoxicates me, and overthrows the peace of my life.”

“It is not love that you must conquer, replied David; it is he who is the cause of it that must be changed; there is good in Guillaume, and if he is to become my child by being united to thee, I would treat him henceforth as a son. Go, call him, let him resume his labor. You shall see him every day, at every hour, but never without me.”

Marie understood the holy thoughts of the old man, and fell at his knees to bless him. Then, by his order, she recalled Guillaume, who was impatiently pacing the garden; he cleared the staircase at a bound, and rushing into the studio, said with an overflowing heart; — “Well! dear Marie, are you better?”

“So well,” said David calmly, “that she is going to resume her brush; come, my children, both to your work.”

Guillaume was reassured by Marie's demeanor, by her sweet smile, by her heightened color; he dared not think of dissimulation towards the old painter. Emboldened by the presence of her master, Marie addressed Guillaume first.

“But where is your picture? I have not been able to find it,” said she to him.

Guillaume blushed.

"Go seek it, if you have left it at home," said David van Heem; "I have apoken of it to a merchant, who will give you a good price for it."

"Master," murmured Guillaume, making an effort over himself, and abruptly endeavoring to disembarass himself, "there is no longer time; I have sold it from necessity."

David van Heem did not reproach him; but he continued with a kindness that Guillaume could not explain:

"My child, that shall be so no longer; I wish that you should live henceforth at my house; you will find there all the pleasures of life, and you can then labor for glory, and not for those miserable florins, which the brokers will pay for your talent."

This indulgent kindness confounded Guillaume; he looked at Marie to know the meaning of it; the face of the young girl expressed gratitude, and her tears silently blessed the provident affection of the old man.

The characters of the greater part of the Flemish painters are a curious study; there are those who unite to a creative force and richness an uncultivated and slothful mind, incessantly stupefied by the intoxication into which their gross passions plunge them. Unpolished diamonds with a rough surface, these odd geniuses have only sparks of greatness; their art makes them touch the sublime, their nature, the base; and when youth has consumed this fleeting fire of an imperfect intellect, they die out, squalid and besotted, on the table of an inn. Guillaume was not yet so bad; but the noble David van Heem, who had seen among his schoolfellows examples of the irregularities and blemishes of genius, discovered with affright the low tendencies of the young painter; he was born with an instinct for good, but he had never had the conviction of it. Sometimes he was moved by the example of a great action or a great sentiment, but he himself never conceived the inspiration or even the first thought of it. Having from his infancy broken the salutary and holy restraints of family ties, he had delivered himself up without restraint to all the fancies which possessed him, and the habits, to which he had accustomed himself, bound him all the more strongly, that he felt a kind of pride in his independence. Guillaume gathered more from his sensations than from his soul. Beauty moved

him, a word of love made him start; the sight of deep grief and a word of despair wrung from the heart would have found him cold. He had an occasional vivacity, which came from the blood; but he was so insensible to the good, that he never had a spontaneous transport for glory or virtue. Already his fine head became less fine; retaining yet the life of youth and health, it lost by degrees that intellectual expression, so charming in the human face.

Why does not God grant to woman, in the hour when he sends her love, one of his piercing glances, which search to their depths misery and vice! Why do so many trusting, ingenuous souls yield themselves up fatally to the impure spirits, that will profane them! Light fails them, while seeking for happiness; but it shines out and seems to taunt them in the abyss of sorrow, into which they are cast, deprived of her. Marie was the soul; Guillaume was matter. He loved her for her beauty; she loved him for the faith which she had in his genius, and the sentiments, which she thought must flow from it. But, enlightened by David, this faith had become less blind. Marie comprehended that Guillaume's nature was not identical with hers, and she feared the same inequality in their loves as in their tastes; yet so powerful was the charm which attracted her to Guillaume, that she felt a deep joy in thinking that he was about to become the guest of his master, and the constant companion of her labors.

During the first days of his instalment in the house of the old painter, Guillaume did not quit the studio. He had begun a new sketch, but he painted with difficulty;—his slothful nature triumphed over his feeble will. He passed hours in looking at Marie, in replying to the words of the young girl by gestures of love; he could find no other expressions, for he had nothing in his soul. She, happy in seeing him, conversed gaily, in accents full of ardor and vivacity; she spoke art, tenderness, happiness. She painted with more sentiment and enthusiasm; love seemed to redouble her powers, while it had stupefied those of the young man. Did a direct and burning word of love escape from Marie, if it struck the heart of Guillaume, it did not draw forth a feeling, expressed by a tender and respectful word; the lips of the young man moved, but it

was a kiss that they would give; he inclined towards the young girl, as if to embrace her; loving yet fearful she then fled; her heart was sad and humble, and she wept, saying, "He does not love me!" The old painter remarked with grief the strife of these two opposite natures, which were at variance while seeking to approach each other; he would have separated them forever, but love, by a strange fatality, called them together.

The house of David van Heem was a calm sanctuary, a holy retreat, where virtue secured peace, and the arts that enthusiasm which embellishes and animates virtue. The fortune, which the old man had amassed by his talent, afforded him an honorable maintenance, but no splendor; none of that ostentatious luxury, which seeks to produce a fine outward effect, at the expense of happiness and inward tranquillity. David van Heem's daughters were married; he had no one but his adopted child, his dear Marie; and sometimes he thought in Guillaume's good hours, that he should be happy to unite them and die surrounded by their cares. This consoling dream was dissipated each day; he who had caused it, seemed to seek to destroy it. The hospitality of the old painter seemed burdensome to Guillaume. He found at David's house a plentiful table, but the strong liquors, to which he was accustomed and which brutalized him, never appeared there. At evening some distinguished men of the city, some illustrious travellers, some prince passing through Utrecht came to visit the great painter. They conversed, they became interested in some question of art, and never to turn the conversation, did they have recourse to play, that other bad passion, all powerful in the soul of Guillaume. Enthralled by Marie's beauty, on which he hung enraptured each day, he resisted during several weeks the call of his inveterate habits; but he could not conquer them; he had no resolution. He had finished a second picture; it was not a masterpiece, like the first; it was a work in which the life was wanting. One evening he took away this picture and did not appear at supper. Marie feared some misfortune for him, and wept. His old master foresaw some fault, and remained sad and silent. It grew late. They waited in vain for Guillaume; he did not come.

"Take courage, my noble child," said her master, leaving

her; "this man is unworthy of thee." And these words, which struck her heart, tortured her all the night. She would have rejected an affection so deep and tyrannical, but she felt mastered by it, and not being able to stifle it, she abandoned the attempt. The following day, David van Heem went out to attend the French ambassador, who had summoned him. Marie entered the deserted studio, pale and disheartened; life seemed to her sad and weary. She recalled to mind sadly the time when she saw the days flow on for her so lightly and joyfully; she stopped before the picture which she had finished the preceding evening; it was a crown of orange flowers and white roses, a nuptial crown, destined for the daughter of Madame de la Valliere, for M^{lle} de Blois, who was to marry the Prince de Conti.

Although at war with their country, Louis XIV protected the Dutch artists, and had ordered this picture from Marie van Oosterwich, whose fame had reached even the court of France. The young girl had done it with love, for in tracing under her brush this virgin garland, she thought involuntarily on the day, when one similar should encircle her pure brow. Upon an urn of chased gold, Marie had draped one of those magnificent veils of Flanders lace, whose wavy shadows also adorned a likeness of the bride. Her brush had given all the delicacy of the rich design of this precious fabric, and upon this nuptial ornament she had gracefully placed the modest flowers which completed its decoration. Each orange bud, each rose in the crown had been to Marie a long and precious labor; her heart was bound up in this work; she could not bear to part with it; but the French ambassador claimed it. A few days and it would be lost to her; she wished to make a copy, but her strength failed. The tumultuous feelings which convulsed her soul disturbed the calmness requisite for those exquisite works of art.

She was still contemplating this crown which she had made under Guillaume's eye, and thinking on him when the door of the studio was suddenly thrown open. He rushed towards her, his hair in disorder, his features decomposed, bearing the stamp of despair.

"Marie, dear Marie," he cried, "you alone can save me from dishonor, and I come to you with confidence. I have

been separated from you, one day, from you my guardian angel, and my evil life has retaken me, body and soul. I have played, I have lost; I played upon honor, and I should be abused, trampled under foot, if I did not pay. They await me, they have given me but a few hours; Marie, will you save me?"

"What must be done?" said she, happy in seeing him again, and almost forgetting his offences. "Guillaume, do you wish that I should speak to my master? He is generous and good; he will come to our assistance. Do you wish what I possess? Will my little savings suffice for you? I have three hundred florins; take them, Guillaume, I pray you."

"Alas! it is not enough, said he, making an effort over himself; I owe eight hundred florins."

"Well! I will implore my master, and if he cannot give you that sum, Guillaume, I have the diamond Medallion which the Emperor Leopold sent me; I will pawn it to a Jew."

"It will be useless, Marie; the formalities will consume too much time. I am lost, Marie; adieu, pardon me the injury that I have done you."

"Oh! why do you speak of injury?" she cried; I bless you, for when you are here, I am happy, I suffer no more. Leave me not again, find happiness with me, and take my life if thou needest it. Oh! Guillaume, what can I do to give you peace?"

And the eyes of the young girl spoke passion. She pressed the hands of Guillaume with indescribable tenderness. At this moment, she forgot that he who implored it was unworthy of her. The reunion was so sweet an intoxication, that all fears were forgotten.

"Marie," replied Guillaume, "the sacrifice is too great; I dare not exact it."

"My God! Guillaume, would you ask this picture, destined for the King of France, this picture which belongs to me no longer? I should break my word, yet I will give it you."

"What do you say, Marie? Have you divined my meaning? It is this picture which I need, and I dared not confess it to you; the other day, a broker who admired it valued it at a thousand florins; he said that he would give eight hundred for it."

"And that is the sum which you have lost? Guillaume, take it, I will paint it again from memory, I will pass nights in labor. Guillaume, go quickly, you will be too late."

And as if she had not made an immense sacrifice, she joyfully put into his hands the masterpiece designed for the daughter of Louis XIV.

"Marie, I do not deserve your kindness; I am not worthy to bless you; may God reward you!"

He was about to depart, but stopping suddenly, he felt a kind of remorse.

"I am very guilty, very base; to save myself, I expose you to the anger of the king of France; what will he say to the public sale of this picture, destined for his daughter?"

"Ah, what are such fears to me? Oh! Guillaume, you will never understand my love."

And, overcome by emotion, she fell on his neck, and began to weep; then suddenly freeing herself,

"Go!" she cried, "and may I see you again calm and free from evil remembrances."

When he had departed, she threw herself on her knees, and asked pardon of God for her idolatry. Guillaume hastened rapidly down stairs, and without seeing him, came full against David van Heem, who had just returned home. The old painter had recognised him, and when he found Marie in the studio in tears, he knew all.

"And you have let him carry away that picture," cried he with a kind of affright.

"Master, his honor was at stake; to assist him, I would have given my life!"

"My child," answered David, deeply afflicted, "misfortune has entered our doors with this man."

"Oh! say rather happiness!" cried she with passionate sincerity; "when I see him, I am happy in dying for him. Even now, it is with joy that I weep. I have given him repose by a sacrifice which seemed sweet to me."

"You have given him repose, by destroying that of your old master. Oh! Marie, love effaces me from thy heart, and thy adopted father is no longer anything to thee!"

"Do not accuse me; can I help loving him? You have seen my struggles; I have striven with my heart; I have

been conquered ; but this love is not impious ; were it necessary to resign it for you, my father, you know that I would," said she, with resignation.

"Marie, the sacrifice which he has wrung from you will involve us in great misfortunes ; the French army is at our gates ; Louis prepares to enter our city as a conqueror ; at the least offence he can treat us as enemies. Until now, he has protected us as artists ; if we irritate him, he will persecute us as Dutch and Protestants. The French ambassador has just summoned me, he has apprised me of the new successes of the French army. 'You will see our powerful monarch,' he added, 'he comes to reestablish the Catholic religion in your conquered provinces. You, whom he has named his painter, you, whom he has ennobled, you should give an example of submission by returning into the pale of the church.' I kept silent, and the ambassador understood my thoughts. He coldly assured me of his protection ; then, as I was about to take leave, he recalled me to speak of thee, Marie. 'You have,' he said to me, 'a skilful pupil, from whom our great king has ordered a picture ; this work is expected at court ; is it finished ?' — 'Yes my lord.' — 'Well ! I will send for it to-day, and I will myself go and see if your pupil will be less rebellious than you to the desires of Louis the Great.'

" 'Marie van Oosterwich is the daughter of a Protestant minister,' I answered ; 'she cannot renounce her religion without giving a death-blow to her father.' — 'The Bishop of Utrecht, whom France has just nominated, will give her to understand, that there is an authority yet more sacred than that of a father ; it is that of a king, emanating from that of God.' Pronouncing these words, he hastily left me. You see, my child, we have everything to fear from these hostile dispositions ; we must recover this picture, so imprudently delivered to Guillaume."

And without awaiting Marie's answer, David van Heem gave orders that the young man should be sought after.

"Master," said she firmly, "it is I alone who am guilty, and I wish to bear alone the anger of the ambassador ; all this has been done without your counsel ; ah ! I should be too much punished, should you suffer by it."

"Are you not my daughter ?" said David tenderly ; "our griefs like our joys cannot be divided. If the unfortunate one visit us, we will receive him together."

Guillaume returned, pale and cast down like a criminal.

"I have had you recalled," said David gravely.

"It is too late," said Guillaume bending down his head.

"I will give you eight hundred florins."

"It is too late, I tell you; the picture is sold."

"Can I not with gold obtain it from the broker?"

"It is no longer in his possession."

"And to whom has he sold it?"

"To the French ambassador," cried Guillaume in despair. "Oh! pardon me this new misfortune, I have been deceived by this man's avidity; he has taken advantage of my distress; but, believe me, oh, believe me, I was ignorant of his intentions."

The old David van Heem was thunderstruck; but he read so much suffering on Guillaume's features, that he could not find words in which to reproach him. Marie began to console them; she pressed her master's hand and the young man's together.

"Why afflict yourselves thus?" said she to them; "to aid our friends in trouble brings sweeter pleasures than the favors of princes. I am going to write to the ambassador, to try and justify myself. If I cannot appease him, why then, master, we will live in obscurity, during the occupation of the French. The triumph of the enemies of our country should indeed humble us, and their protection seem bitter to us."

"Noble child!" murmured David.

Guillaume appeared not to understand this lofty pride. While they were consulting on the means to be used to avoid persecution, a friend of David van Heem, a sheriff of the city of Utrecht, entered the studio, and said sadly to the old man; "What madness has seized you to resist the king of France? why furnish our enemies with pretexts to persecute us? The weak should submit, waiting till they shall be strong enough to revolt." And the sheriff, pressed by questions as to what they had to fear, told David van Heem, that he entered the house of the French ambassador, as he was on the point of going out, and that he had found him very much irritated at the resistance which the painter had offered to his idea of Catholic proselytism. The ambassador had wished to convert some of the distinguished citizens, and see them follow the triumphal

entry, which was in preparation for Louis XIV. He had not succeeded in his attempt on the painter, and was thinking how to revenge himself, when the Jewish broker to whom Guillaume had sold Marie's painting asked to speak with him. This broker carried on a great trade in works of art; he owned a Magazine of immense riches, and already thought of escaping the pillage of the conquerors by putting himself under the protection of the French ambassador. Other Jews, to escape losses by the war, had set the example by sending a considerable tribute of silver to France. This broker had thought of offering rare pictures, thinking thus to flatter the sovereign who had declared himself protector of the arts. When Guillaume had delivered Marie's masterpiece to the Jew, the man saw all the advantage that he could obtain from this work, by carrying it himself to the French ambassador, and offering it to him under the respectful form of a restitution. This step of the Jew had all the success that he had hoped from it. The ambassador learning that the picture came from the studio of David van Heem, had promised the broker to reward his disinterestedness. At the same time he broke out in threats against the arrogant artist, "who," he said, "dared to revolt against Louis the Great." Hearing an account of this scene, David understood all the imminence of the danger which menaced him; yet he hoped to escape persecution by leading a retired life during the sojourn of the French in Utrecht. The sheriff shook his head.

"You are not a man who can be forgotten," said he to him; "if you had slavishly submitted to the will of the king, he would have loaded you with honors; you have dared to resist; much more, you have apparently dared to brave him; Louis XIV. will persecute you, he will make an example of you. You are celebrated; he will think to render his authority more imposing by the severity which he will display towards you."

"The peace of my old age is destroyed," said David van Heem sadly. "What can be done?"

"Depart with me, master, said Marie; we will go to my family at Delft, my native town, an obscure place, that persecution will not visit; there we shall regain the peace and security necessary for labor. Master, let us de-

part, and regret nothing since we shall not be separated."

She looked at Guillaume ; he appeared to reflect.

"This young girl is right," said the sheriff; "you must depart, and that as quickly as possible. When you shall be no longer here, I can preserve your house from pillage; I will obtain sureties. All your arrangements can be made during the day; to-morrow be far away from Utrecht; fly from the persecution, which, doubt not, is preparing for you."

"The will of God be done," said the old David with resignation; "if my last days should be evil, at least may he watch over those of my child. My friend, I will follow your advice; I will depart to-morrow, with Marie."

"And with Guillaume," cried she full of love.

"If he wishes to share our fate," replied the master.

Guillaume seemed to awake from the reverie in which he was plunged.

"It is I who have troubled your beautiful and tranquil life," said he; "but if you forgive me, if you do not fear the influence of my society, I will never leave you."

"Never," said Marie, "and we shall be happy wherever we go." She could no longer restrain her love, it overflew in spite of herself.

The departure was decided upon. David gave some orders to Guillaume, who went to execute them, and during his absence, he arranged with Marie all that was necessary for their emigration. While making these sad preparations, the expression of the old painter seemed more than usually melancholy; but by a contrast which existed for the last time between the sentiments of the master and the pupil, Marie's beautiful face beamed with an involuntary joy, while she was actively engaged in all the preparations for departure. David observed this emotion, and gently reproached her for it.

"When I leave in sadness the house where I was born, and should have died," said he, "without a hope of ever again returning to it, why dost thou not share my affliction, thou, my daughter, who formerly comprehendedst all my feelings?"

"And you, master," replied she, "why can you not feel that I am happy, in giving happiness to all; to you, to my

father, to my family, whom we shall again see ; to the town which we shall inhabit ? Oh ! it seems to me that our life will be henceforward one long festival. Guillaume loves me ; this misfortune, which overtakes us, and of which he is perhaps the cause, has made his love known to me ; you have heard him, Master, he has told us himself that he will never leave us. Repentance has made him good ; and do you wish me to be afflicted by a misfortune which gives me his heart ? ”

“ My God ! grant that she may be happy, for it would kill her to be deceived ! ” said David in a low and fervent tone. “ Yes, my daughter, thy happiness will make me forget my sorrows. May this happiness be as great as I desire ! ”

“ He loves me ; I wish nothing more. ”

“ Trust to my experience to sound Guillaume’s heart upon this love ; let me question him. If I find him worthy of thee, from this evening he shall be thy betrothed. He will protect thee from the dangers which may menace our journey, better than I, a poor old man ; and if he prove himself noble and good, on our arrival at your father’s house, your union shall be accomplished. ”

“ Master, here he is, ” cried Marie, who heard footsteps. “ Ah ! let me hear what you say to him ; my heart understands his better than yours can, and I wish to hear his answer to you. ”

Then, as Guillaume approached, at a sign of assent from her master, she concealed herself in a corner of the carved stone balcony upon which the window of the studio opened.

Guillaume had been absent several hours ; but he had not been employed all this time in executing the orders which his master had given him. He had met on his way the companions of his Bacchanalian orgies, those who the evening before had won from him the eight hundred florins. He would have avoided them ; but entangled with them, he had yielded anew to that humiliating ascendancy, which vice exercises over the man, who has once been weak enough to accept its dominion. Guillaume was dragged to the inn.

“ I bid you adieu, ” said he, emptying a glass which had just been poured out ; “ I depart to-morrow ; I leave Utrecht for a long time. ”

"What! you depart, when pleasures arrive?" cried all his friends.

"Do you call the triumphal entrance of our enemies into this city, which they will pillage to their heart's content, pleasure?"

"There are no enemies but crime and misery," said they, laughing; "let us unite ourselves to the victors, and we shall cease to be the vanquished. A city taken, or one which opens its gates, is a mine of pleasure for artists; noisy saturnalia, easy amours, riches quickly gained and dissipated, all this for him who knows how to enjoy it, and the 'far niente,' the 'dolce far niente' is assured to us during this happy season."

Guillaume was allured by these inducements; still he feebly resisted.

"I have promised to go," said he, "and I will go."

"Let us see! fate will decide that," cried several voices; "come, take up the dice and try; you go, or you stay; you go if you win, you remain if you lose; you must see that all the chances are in your favor; though losing, you still gain, for your departure is doubtless a penance imposed on you, and from which we shall deliver you. Good Heavens! to depart at the moment of a military invasion is renouncing the joys of taverns, and confessing yourself unworthy of them. Come, take up the dice, and let fate overcome your indecision!"

Guillaume still hesitated, but he yielded to the raileries heaped on him; he shook the dice-box, and as the dice came down,

"This pledges your word," said they; "if you lose, you remain; that is your word of honor!"

"So be it," murmured he.

The dice fell; Guillaume had lost, he was conquered.

"And now perform your oath! you will remain with us."

"'Tis well, I have never failed in a promise at play; but I ought not to have done it; I had consented to depart, and I dare not go and disengage myself."

Guillaume spoke truly; cowardly and timid in all his actions, he was neither proud enough, nor strong enough, to resist the persuasions of others, and when he had yielded to them, he had not the courage to avow openly that he

had done so. To avoid all explanation with David van Heem, and especially to escape Marie's presence, he had thought of letting them both depart without seeing them again; but a remnant of delicacy prevented him; he had received money from the old painter to make some purchases; he must render an account of it.

They made him swear again that he would not depart, and he must perform this oath; for he, who violated the most sacred duties, believed himself bound by an oath, made at play in a drunken fit. Till we meet again, repeated he; and walked slowly towards the quiet house of David van Heem, which night already veiled.

Entering the studio, he was happy not to see Marie.

"My son," said David to him kindly, "you are very late."

"Master, here are your purchases; these colors, these oils, these brushes required selection; it has taken me a long time. This is what I have expended, here is the money due to you."

"It is well, my friend."

"Adieu, master; I have now something to do for myself."

And already he had repassed the threshold of the door.

"Is the affair which calls you so pressing, that you cannot listen to me?"

"Master, I will return."

He sought to avoid an explanation by a falsehood. David took him by the arm.

"Guillaume, it concerns the happiness that I wish to give you; do you love Marie?"

"She is so beautiful!" said the young man with vivacity, who could understand in this woman, the noblest of beings, nothing but her beauty.

"But do you love her?" replied the master; "do you understand the worth of her soul and genius?"

"I understand that I love her, while beholding her."

"And when you think of her, do you understand it?"

"I love rather her presence than the remembrance of it; a word of love uttered by her mouth, rather than a word of love that she may write to me; a kiss of love that she might give me would be sweeter than her acts of devotion; but Marie will never understand that; she is cold as the marble virgins of our temple."

Eternal reproach of the libertine to the modest woman, of the man who mistakes the fire of the blood for warmth of soul, and believes not in the love which is drowned in tears, but in that which bursts forth boldly.

"Marie loves you enough," replied David, "to give you all the pleasures of which she dreams in her virgin heart, and those which you might wish to obtain from her."

"She loves me in her way, which is not mine; I must renounce her."

"Renounce her," cried the old man, pained as if the blow, which was to strike Marie, had reached him. "You believe yourself then unworthy of Marie? your vices are then so inveterate that love cannot make you conquer them? Guillaume, return to the right path, there is yet time; an angel and an old man near your heart might guide you in life; if you repulse them, you will perish in the mire."

"I am unworthy of you, I am unworthy of her."

"Unworthy by weakness, unworthy because you do not love; for love strengthens us and overturns all obstacles; it renders easy that which seems impossible to one who does not love. It melts the soul by its tenderness, it elevates it by its greatness, it illumines it by its brightness. Guillaume, Marie's love ought to shine on you and regenerate you." The old man spoke warmly, and the young man remained cold; he could not understand.

"The love of this angel will change your nature, continued David; it is the happiness which awaits your life; evil will flee, when you shall have fled from it; you will return to it pure; let this day efface the past. Banish the remembrance of the images of vice; you are no longer the young lawless rover, Guillaume, you may at this moment become the betrothed of Marie. Say only that you love her enough to make her happy; that you feel bold and strong enough to protect her against dangers during our flight? After this noviciate of happiness, you will be her husband; there is the goal, it depends on you to attain it."

Guillaume did not reply. David thought for a moment that the intoxication of his soul rendered him dumb.

"Come," he said to him, "let me bless thee. I will call Marie, I will place the nuptial ring on your finger; this consecration will unfold a new life to you."

"I will return," murmured Guillaume, bending down his head with shame."

"What is your thought?" murmured David with deep emotion, for a dreadful doubt struck him. "If you have an infamous design, dare at least to avow it."

"I cannot depart," said Guillaume in a low tone.

"Ah! I knew it," said David, rushing upon him; "you are a scoundrel; you have drawn misfortune upon the young girl and the old man; you have pillaged them, and now you abandon them. You have killed my child; coward, take my curse; I could wish you dead."

Guillaume freed himself from the grasp of the unfortunate painter, and meanly quitted that dwelling into which he had brought despair. Then David hastily went to Marie; he had heard the fall of a body, and felt that it was his dearly loved child who was dying. As if pierced by a dagger, Marie had fallen under the stroke of a word that broke her heart. The emotion of the old man was as violent; but it was all inward; seeing the baseness of Guillaume, that cool baseness which acts without remorse, he would have crushed him like a reptile, and when his arm fell powerless, he regretted his youth and wept. This dreadful hour, this strife of bitter feelings had at once made David a man of an hundred years. The preceding evening his vigorous and flourishing old age gave promise of many and happy years. The thought that he could die never occurred to those who looked at him. A sudden change, a death-blow stunning as a stroke of apoplexy had fallen upon him. Pale, exhausted, his complexion dull and lifeless, you would have said that his blood was petrified in his veins, that it no longer circulated; looking at him you would have thought that the end of life was fast approaching. When Marie had recovered, she fixed her looks on her master, who wept and supported her in his arms. She was struck with the dreadful change in his features, and throwing aside the grief which was killing herself; "Oh! speak to me," said she to the old man; do not be so sad and despairing; do not weep for me, these tears kill you. See, I am strong, I will live for you, only live for me. My master, my father, forget this dreadful dream, and let us again find that peace which we once had." And she sought to console him, she who was in-

consolable ; she appeared again to hope, she who hoped no longer ; she spoke of living, while she carried death in her bosom ; for her eyes had been suddenly opened. This old man, who had surrounded her with paternal love and true happiness, might in an instant fall dead beside her, struck down by a grief which came through her, and which he felt to the depths of his soul as keenly as she had done. She understood this exceeding great affection, she saw it in all its depth, and the idea that he, who lavished it upon her each day, might die, made that fatal sentiment, that love which had caused it, appear impious to her. She violently tore the image of Guillaume from the depths of her soul ; she rent her bosom, to bury it there, and smiled on the old man whom her sufferings had overwhelmed.

“ We must depart before to-morrow’s dawn,” said she calmly ; “ master, take some rest ; I will complete with your servants the preparations for departure. See, I am well now ; but you, you suffer ? renew the strength necessary for our journey.” — And when he would console her ; “ fear nothing,” said she, “ God has cured me.”

David slept deeply and painfully. Marie watched all the night, sometimes at his bedside, sometimes busy in giving orders. During this painful watch a feverish trembling seized her ; her thoughts crowded upon one another in her burning head, and dreadful images passed before her eyes. Sometimes she appeared to dream ; it seemed to her that her spirit wandered in a mysterious and dread infinity, an eternal circle formed in space by grief. She had strange visions, trances, which annihilated her. It seemed to her that her body was dissolved, and that her soul suffered alone in incessant torment. She had no longer a distinct perception of what had thrown her into this mental delirium. Guillaume was mingled with the phantoms of her tortured imagination, and by turns before her under the seducing form of the angel and the impure one of a reptile. Night and misfortune made all their shadows glide before her ; when the day which began to dawn came to dissipate her sad dreams, she made a supernatural effort to free herself from grief, but dragged it with her. She quitted the couch of her master who still slept, and seeking bitter emotions with a strange avidity, she wished to see again for the last time the studio, where her beautiful years

had flowed on so calmly and sweetly. She leaned upon that trellised window, where the bind-weed and the clematis intertwined their flowers. The sun shed its first beam in the east, and this ray of light glittered among the leaves, yet sprinkled with pearls of dew. The songs of birds and the perfume of flowers rose from the garden and spread around her. Attracted on awaking by the fragrance and the sweet sounds, she remembered suddenly, that on a similar morning, two months before, Guillaume had found her musing on him, in this same place; a word and a kiss had escaped from their souls at the same time and mingled on their lips. Marie had given up her life in that kiss; she had believed that a new world was opened for her, she had peopled it with wonders and felicity; and now this world was bare and waste; grief had sowed it with thorns.

"Undeceived so soon, oh my God!" cried she, "what have I done to deserve this dreadful grief?" She wept; then she began praying for resignation. Pale and dismayed like the Magdalen of Canova, there was no longer anything terrestrial in her touching features; the freshness of youth and health had left her cheeks; one night had sufficed to make her old; and she also would have been startled at the change in her features, if she had thought of looking at them. Prayer had opened her soul to resignation, to that regenerating virtue, whose worship fills half of the life of woman, and succeeds her days of blighted hopes. The young Christian rose grave and sad. She repaired to her master, to assist him in putting on a travelling dress, and supporting the sinking old man, she put him into the modest travelling carriage which was to convey them far from Utrecht. One faithful servant took charge of the equipage. When they had lost sight of the house, Marie felt her heart sink, but she restrained her tears. The old painter had not the same strength; he wept; he felt that the adieu was eternal. They travelled on some time in silence, neither speaking; they feared lest all their emotion should betray itself in their speech. The old man spared the grief of his child, the child that of the old man; at last emotion overcame them, it broke forth in sobs; these paroxysms of grief, which occurred many times during the journey, completed the wreck of the dying painter's strength.

The same day that these two exiles departed so sadly from the sleeping town, it awoke joyful, tumultuous, and in festal attire to open its gates to the king of France who had conquered it.

"Louis," says Voltaire, "made his triumphal entry into this city, attended by his grand Almoner, his confessor, and the nominal Archbishop of Utrecht. They repaired with solemnity to the chief Catholic church. The Archbishop, who bore only the vain name of one, was for some time established in a real dignity. The religion of Louis XIV. made conquests as well as his arms."

Having arrived at Delft, Marie conducted her old master to the house where her family lived; but there a sad trial yet awaited her. No sound issued from the house, animated formerly by Marie's little brothers and sisters; all was sad and desolate at the entrance; the domestic animals no longer grazed at the foot of the walls formerly so full of life. The emigrants knocked at the door with a kind of dismay, and when an old servant, who had brought Marie up, opened it to them.

"My father, my mother?" stammered the young girl, whose emotion altered her voice.

"How! do you not know," replied the servant. "Have you not then received the letter, in which they inform you of their flight, telling you to return to Delft, and watch over your dying grandfather, who could not follow them? It is then Heaven which has inspired you, leading you hither. Come my child, come and see your grandfather, he is expecting you."

Marie followed the good woman to the bedside of the paralytic old man, whose face already bore the marks of death; recognising the child of his son, John van Oosterwich made a motion; he would have extended his arms to Marie, and his strength failing, a tear of grief and tenderness escaped from the old man.

"What has become of them?" cried she in anguish; "why have they left you alone?"

"I forced them to depart," replied the old man feebly, "to escape by flight from the Catholic persecution which menaced them. They have gone to rejoin their brothers in England; there, the protection of all the people will again give them a country. Your father would not leave

me; like Æneas, he would have carried away his old father in his arms; but feeling that I had but few days to live, I did not wish that my body should be buried in a foreign land, and I have depended on thee to close my eyes,"

While hearing the old man's words, Marie held her head bent on her bosom; the sad and calm expression of her face told that her soul was resigned. God had struck her without warning, he had extinguished at once the glory of youth which adorned her brow, and sullied the home of happiness within her soul. He had cast grief on the young maiden, under all forms, and she in her virtue had accepted it without murmuring. Yesterday, and her destiny was brilliant and happy; beauty and genius were resplendent in her, glory summoned her to its triumphs, love to its felicities; to-day, prostrated by deceptions and sufferings, she was bending like an angel between two dying old men; for the counterpart of all his sorrows had annihilated David van Heem, and the old painter seeing John van Oosterwich die, said to himself, that he also was on the brink of the grave.

Some days after her return to her father's house, Marie closed the eyes of her grandfather; and when his coffin was closed, a strong and pious woman, she returned to watch over the couch on which her old master languished. The faculties of the artist had been suspended by misfortune; you would have said that his intellect, formerly so keen, was no longer alive except to suffering; all his brilliant past seemed effaced from his mind; he had retained only the remembrance of that dreadful hour, when Guillaume had given him his death-blow by destroying the happiness of his adopted child. As he felt his last moments approach, this remembrance awoke yet more bitter and poignant. All the clearness of his thoughts seemed to return to him; he spoke to Marie of Guillaume, for a long time, without hatred, coldly, and with that enlightened wisdom which the dying display when speaking of the passions.

"My daughter," said he, imprinting a kiss on Marie's forehead with his already livid lips, "my daughter, your career will still be long, you will render it illustrious by your talents; you will again love glory, which when you were yet a child smiled on you like a mother, and then

your brow, brightened once more by her, will regain the youth and beauty which grief effaces. That hour of consolation will come to you, and your destiny will again be brilliant; then the man who has troubled your youth, weary of his wandering, miserable life, may seek to shelter himself under your glorious and honored name. Oh, my child, in that hour recollect that he pierced you to the heart, less through cruelty, than through weakness; recollect that he could not conquer himself and renounce vice to render himself worthy of you; and if he says to you, that misfortune has changed him, do not follow the promptings of your goodness and love. Marie, if you should still love him, when you again see him, if you feel that his life is necessary to yours, exact a proof of repentance, demand that an entire year of diligent labor assure you of the change in his profligate life. Labor ennobles and purifies man. If Guillaume should love you enough to devote a year of his life to labor, virtue, the sap of life, may again arise in his soul. My child, you understand me, a year of trial, a year in which love shall not make you weak; you will be severe to the prodigal child; like an incensed parent, you will conceal your pardon and tenderness in the depths of your soul; you will remember me, and in this remembrance, gather strength to resist it. Swear to your dying master that his will shall be accomplished, and he will depart with less pain from that world in which he leaves you without him. The oath which you are about to make will protect you, and you cannot be absolved from it but by happiness."

Marie, melted by the provident tenderness of the dying painter, swore never to belong to Guillaume, until he had passed through the trial exacted by the dying painter. A serene expression shone an instant on the brow of the old man, and as if his last thought had been uttered, he spoke no more, and some minutes after ceased to breathe.

Marie's task was accomplished; what had she to do in this world? The isolation of her life, the void in her heart made her desire to repose near those whom she had lost. She thought not of resuming her brushes; she forgot her art; grief had effaced everything, and she sought no longer that great relief which she formerly found in painting; sadness enchained her thoughts; she remained

bowed down under her burden of grief as if condemned of heaven. She was in this exhausted state, when she received a letter from her family, emigrants in England. Her father who had learned the death of the two old men, sent for his dearly loved child; he told her that the King of England had offered to her, through him, the office of court painter. He spoke to her of fame and fortune; but these goods were no longer anything to Marie. Besides, would her parents, whom she had not seen from childhood, understand the sufferings that killed her? They knew among the events which had befallen her only the two deaths of which she had been witness; they suspected not the more trying changes which had passed in her heart. In her modest grief, Marie would not reveal her inward torments; her master alone had learned them by sharing them, and had carried the secret with him to his grave. Marie did not feel the strength to confess to her father this love, which had broken into her life and her career of talent. Besides, it seemed to her that her days were coming to a close, and she would have reproached herself for carrying into a family, who awaited her as a consolation, the sight of the agony of her heart. She wrote to her father that she would remain in Holland to finish some work there, and that, wishing to merit the protection which the King of England offered her, she would finish a work worthy of him, which she would herself offer at a future time. This answer, which left her time to die as she thought in the agony of her grief, was dictated by a feeling which she did not confess to herself; to quit Holland without again seeing Guillaume, without knowing his fate, his future life, that was impossible for her heart which had given itself up wholly to him. Besides, that land where she had suffered, where she had loved, was dear to her; like her grandfather, she would be buried there. Notwithstanding the dejection which overwhelmed her, she imposed on herself the duty of fulfilling the promise which she had made to her father, began with the languor of an enfeebled inspiration the picture destined to the King of England; and labor like a soft couch soothed the pignancy of her grief. Her soul, fed with sad images and gloomy recollections, made use of melancholy as a state of meditation through which we must pass, before raising

ourselves to God. The serenity which labor restored shed around her an atmosphere of peace which resembled happiness, and soon Marie was cited not only as the most honored and famous woman, but as the most happy in the little town where she lived. They knew nothing of her inward sufferings. The old housekeeper, who was present at her birth and still carefully watched over her, did not divine the cause of her sadness, and, seeing her calm and resigned, thought that the mournful scenes of death through which she had passed already began to be effaced from her memory. She resumed her brushes, at first without energy, then the necessity of an active life occurred to her and roused her weakened powers. She painted several little pictures in which she reproduced sad and modest flowers, creations to which she seemed to impart soul and in which her grief was reflected. Her fame attracted princes and illustrious travellers to Delft. She fled from the world, but the world sought her. They imposed tasks on her, loading her with honors. The Empress of Austria and the Queen of England sent her their portraits set in diamonds. They cast round her life pleasures which she did not seek; but the wound which she concealed from all eyes remained always fresh and bleeding. Many years passed away thus. She had hoped to die, and she languished in the midst of a world that worshipped her and believed her happy. Ah! of what avail to her youth was glory, without love. She felt that she was growing old, without having attained the fulfilment of her destiny. She was still beautiful, but of a saddened beauty, which seemed cold and dignified when no tender feeling marked it with the impress of her soul.

In vain had she sought to discover what had become of Guillaume, during the five years which had passed since that day when he had blasted her life by his baseness, and with the same blow struck dead her unhappy master. Since these sad events she had learned nothing of his fate. She strove with herself in her long days of solitude and labor; she tried to stifle a sentiment which seemed to her guilty; she reproached herself remorsefully for the remembrance which linked her to Guillaume, but she could not free herself. There are women whose souls are given but once, and their bodies never. These are angels of purity and

love, whom God banishes for a time, and who return to him unsullied by the earth.

Marie's house was at once modest and elegant; modest in its construction which her father had directed, and which became the simplicity of a minister of the Gospel; elegant through the works of art with which Marie had adorned it, and the gardens which surrounded it from which the rarest flowers breathed their perfumes. Marie's studio opened out upon these gardens; by her exertions this studio now resembled somewhat that, in which she painted with David van Heem at Utrecht. On his dying bed her master bequeathed to her all the precious objects which adorned the sanctuary of his studies, and when labor had rendered her more calm, Marie surrounded herself with all these memorials; she sought to revive the past. The portrait of the old painter himself looked down on her as formerly with tenderness, and seemed to encourage to exertion in her hours of depression and grief. In a frame covered with a veil, which she alone raised, was another head, whose image was imprinted in her soul, and which her brush had reproduced with a miraculous truth; it was Guillaume, young, handsome, and impetuous, as he appeared to her at first. She asked pardon of God and her old master, for having painted it; but an irresistible desire had urged her on; she needed to see him again, in fancy, in dreams; she needed to feel that she saw this phantom which had eluded her love. For this woman, so illustrious and still so young and beautiful, the present and future were nothing; her life was all contained in the days now vanished; life was for her henceforth nothing but remembrance.

In front of the window of the studio, where Marie passed her days, on the other side of the garden which it overlooked, rose a small house, whose windows always closed attracted her sadly wandering eye in her moments of repose and reverie. She knew that this unoccupied house formerly belonged to a friend of her father, long since dead; the heirs had endeavored to sell it, but had not yet found a purchaser. A door opening into Marie's garden attested the intimacy which had existed between the proprietors of these two houses which thus faced each other. But it was long since this door of communication, closed

by death, had been opened, and the ivy growing in the cracks already twined itself over the deserted dwelling. Marie said to herself sometimes; "Why do these windows remain eternally closed? Why does not some smiling friendly face come and bend down over these stone balconies to look at me? A smile, a look, would do me so much good; my heart is cold in this loneliness. Why, if I should die for it, can I not again see Guillaume? If he lived there, this gloomy dwelling would be animated; I should see him glide behind those windows, where now I see but empty space. I could love him, without telling him of it; but I should feel that he was near me, and my solitude would be peopled, for the torments of an unquiet life are preferable to the tortures of the repose in which I am buried. Oh! return, should thy presence be death; oh, return, for there are hours when I need to love, and I can love none but thee; why resist this love; my God, thou seest the death of my old master could not extinguish it; it is an affliction which thou hast sent upon me, and to which I must submit with resignation. A more profound depression succeeded these transports of her soul. Marie's health sank under it, and she felt a kind of pleasure in seeing her strength decrease, in counting the hours of her life which were passing away.

One summer's day, towards noon, she lay half-reclining on a bank of turf shaded by two flowering acacias. The air around was filled with the exquisite perfume from the alabaster bunches hanging from the branches of the vines. Marie inhaled this air, and sought to warm herself by the pale beams of the sun of the North. She felt a kind of gentle languor free from pain; while a dreamy veil stole over her thoughts as if she were falling asleep. Yet, she saw everything around here; her eyes were not closed; her soul alone had ceased to perceive. She heard the sound of steps, she saw the leaves stirred, a man stood before her; she rose, looked at him some moments without recognising him; then as if her soul had sprung from chaos,

"Guillaume," she cried, and falling in his arms, she strained him to her heart one minute with the energy of a long-expected happiness, then suddenly repelling him, as if conscience-stricken, "Oh!" she cried, "you have killed my master!" The shock of her emotions recalled

her to life. The remembrance of the oath which she had made to the man, arose between her and her overflowing love. Grief rendered her calm; she reseated herself, and extending her hand to Guillaume; "You are welcome; I needed to see you to pardon you; Guillaume, I do not bear you any ill-will. Are you happy?" and Marie's tears betrayed her emotion. Guillaume fell at her feet; he would have humbled himself before her, and could not find words to express the mingled sensations of pleasure and love which it was yet granted to his imperfect nature to feel; he looked upon her as formerly, but perhaps with less tenderness; she seemed to him less beautiful. Guillaume could not admire this pallid beauty, the saddened reflex of the soul, which strikes but few even of the chosen. Yet this divine charm still enchained his earthly desires, and he said to her with love;

"Marie, I return to you, after many years of misfortunes and follies; I will expiate the past, if you do not reject me; for, I feel it, near you, I can make myself everything that is good."

He pronounced these words with that simple and true accent which enforces conviction.

Guillaume also was changed. If Marie's face bore traces of the lofty, passionate, and pure sentiments which filled her soul, his showed the impress of the gross desires which degraded his life. His eyes were no longer brilliant; his brow was furrowed by untimely wrinkles; his mouth, thick and voluptuous, seemed to have retained the stamp of the strong drink and bad language of taverns. His sallow and hanging cheeks took from the nobleness and purity of his features. He was handsome still, but of a degraded beauty which no longer touched the soul. When she whose life he had blighted looked at him, she asked herself if this was indeed the ideal being, who for five years had kindled her soul, the man whose fatal power had enchained all her faculties, he for whom she died each day. Disenchanted by his presence, she felt herself strong to resist Guillaume, she who in the delirium of her passion, in the despair of solitude had given herself up as lost to the image which she invoked. The ascendancy which she regained over her own heart had rendered her calm and tranquil; she spoke to Guillaume with the interest of a sister;

she asked him where had passed his years of absence, what were his wishes for the future. Touched in what of heart still remained to him, by that voice so full of kindness, he replied with eagerness that she was his future, that he would never leave her, whom he wished to surround with love and devotion. "Ah! let me unite my life to yours," said he, "and I shall become better. Let your shadow shelter me, let me but feel you always near me, and I shall follow a noble path. Marie, do not reject me; you once named me your betrothed, call me now your husband." Those words which Guillaume spoke with assurance, struck Marie's heart, and brought her new illusions. Yet, in the feeling which prompted Guillaume, there was more egotism than true love. Since he remained at Utrecht, abandoning to misfortune so basely the old man and the young girl, he had passed his vagabond life amidst the hardening influences of misery and shame. His indolent temperament preventing him from laboring to satisfy his wants and his vicious passions, he was reduced at times to the depths of poverty. Compromised by his losses at play, and his disputes in taverns, he had shared the malefactors' gaol. In fine he had sullied, with all the impurities of the world, the genius with which Heaven had gifted him. He became weary of this life, because on the little pallet of a hospital or prison he had no longer the pleasure of vice; and then that sensuality, which had driven him to vice, recalled him to virtue. He had travelled in Italy, executed pictures ordered by princes, sojourned at the court of Tuscany, where he had been loaded with favors by the Grand Duke, who, one day, admiring one of his works, sent him, as a token of his satisfaction, a gold chain and medal of honor. Guillaume remembered Marie, and desired again to see his country. Marie, who was the pride of Holland, had gained, by her talents, fortune and independence. By uniting his life to that of this noble woman, a competency without labor he thought would be assured to him, and his nature led him instinctively to this calculation. Without penetrating the depth of this involuntary selfishness, Marie, resisting his entreaties, recalled the warning of her dying master, and the trial to which she had promised to subject Guillaume, before mingling her pure destiny with his sullied

life. Resolute in opposing her oath to the impulses of her heart, she replied to the passionate words of Guillaume ; "I believe in your love ; the sentiment which has filled my life could not be a stranger to yours ; the past unites us, and it depends on you, that the future should no longer separate us. You see that uninhabited house ?" said she, pointing to the deserted mansion which we have described, "that dwelling awaits a master. From this evening, purchased for you, it belongs to you ; this solitude which has looked gloomy to me will be animated by your presence. I have for a long time cherished this hope as a dream ; God has realized it. We shall there be near each other ; two fruitful sympathies, labor and love, will make us live in the same thought. In our hours of relaxation, this door, always hitherto closed, will be opened. You shall come to me, Guillaume, to breathe the sweet air of this garden, and behold the beautiful heaven which we shall look upon with eyes that understand one another. We will speak of the happiness which awaits us, when the trial shall be accomplished."

"Why a trial ?" cried Guillaume ; "time hurries on swiftly ; why delay the hour of happiness ?"

"To enjoy it more fully ! I wish you to love me, and be illustrious ; acquire the glory to which your genius is entitled ; one year of labor, and my life belongs to thee !"

"One year," murmured Guillaume, "one year lost to love !"

"One year," cried Marie, with grief, "one year of sweet hope, of submission, of love ; one year in expiation of five years of torture, which I have endured for thee, say, is it too much, Guillaume ?"

He would have opposed and hurried away the unhappy one, but she was firm ; misfortune had made her resolute. She required perfect happiness or death ; the regeneration of Guillaume's soul, or his renunciation of her.

Guillaume took possession of the house the same evening. By the cares of this angelic woman, the apartment which looked upon the garden, was quickly transformed into a studio, and furnished with works of art. Marie herself installed her friend in the house purchased for him, and of which she made him the gift. Guillaume wished to retain her, and speak to her of love ; she resisted him ;

then approaching the balcony parallel with that of the opposite house on which would open her studio; "During our hours of labor," she said, "we shall see each other, we shall exchange looks of encouragement, and if you love me, Guillaume, you will not fail in the trial. According to the wish of our dying master, you should each day during a whole year devote eight hours to the study of your art; you should execute the masterpieces of which you conceive the design, but which your idle pencil refuses to produce. You should renounce the bad passions, the indulgence of which has done you so much evil. Adieu; this shall be your initiation to happiness."

Making an effort to tear herself from him, she quickly passed the door which opened into the garden and shut it after her. Then Guillaume, still leaning on the balcony, seeing her disappear under the shade of an alley, exclaimed with vexation; "Cold-hearted woman, in thee pride has destroyed love!" These words struck Marie's heart like the most cutting raillery; her strength gave way under her excitement; she leaned against the trunk of a tree and began to weep. "Cold," cried she, in a hollow voice; "cold, because I do not yield to his desires; cold, while I am dying of a love which he has never been able to understand. My God, hasten for me that hour when the passions are quenched! my blood and my soul burn; I need repose. My God, make me cold by death!" And covering her face with her hands, she remained a long time motionless under the influence of her vehement thought. Seeing Guillaume, comparing him with her remembrance of him, with his image which she had embellished by her passionate reveries, he appeared to her at first like a fallen being, whom she had strength to resist; but when Guillaume spoke to her of happiness and love, when he revived in her the fresh hopes which had vanished, the man prematurely grown old suddenly regained his youth under the fire of his own words; under Marie's look, his face again became beautiful, and weary of suffering, she attached herself with infatuation to an illusion. "Must I yield myself up wholly to thee, to make thee believe in my love?" thought she; "must I renounce those sentiments which come to me from God? Well, debase me, profane my soul, make me die of grief and humiliation;

since thou canst not render me happy, kill me. Come, I resist thee no longer! . . ." And the madness was in her brain and she demanded an hour of happiness at the expense of eternity. "Come, tell me that you love me, and I will take the intoxication of thy senses for the tenderness of thy soul. I need to be deceived, I need to feel my life confounded with thine, and to die believing that thou hast loved me." Her heart broke under this ardent aspiration, her forehead burned within her hands; she raised her head to inhale the coolness of the night. Her eyes, wet with scalding tears, rested on the calm and radiant moon, which seemed to smile on her. Nature and Heaven were in harmonious repose. In the presence of this imposing serenity, Marie felt humbled by the agitation which devoured her. The contemplation of the heaven recalled to her the soul of her old master, who watched over her. Fortified by this thought, she hastened rapidly from this place so near to Guillaume's abode, and when she had gained her chamber, and when resting on the window, she looked anxiously on the balcony of the deserted house, where she had left him; he was no longer there. Guillaume felt not the restless delirium which overwhelmed his friend.

The words, which he had uttered and which had touched so deeply the heart of the poor girl, had escaped from him as a selfish lamentation, as the complaint of the egoist, who saw escape from him the blessings which he had hoped to enjoy. Yet, pleased with the comfort with which he saw himself surrounded, he resolved to labor according to Marie's wishes, less in response to her love, than to make sure of a position of which he already tasted the sweets. For nearly a month, Guillaume worked with zeal; each morning, Marie opening the window of her studio, saw him, brush in hand, seated before the canvass on which he painted. They saluted from afar with a friendly nod, they exchanged some words of love, then said adieu, and returned to their work; when evening came, they passed some hours together in the garden, whose space had separated them all the day. Marie then spoke of the future; she told her dreams as a woman and an artist, the happiness and glory that awaited them, all that she would do for him; he replied gratefully, and this sentiment lent tenderness to the tone of his voice. But the

feeling was no longer in his heart ; for Guillaume, the feeling was as we have seen, a kind of desire which was no longer excited in the presence of Marie, each day more languid and pale. She seemed to die while waiting for happiness. Her frame, now frail and drooping, had no longer that beauty of blood and life which had attracted the gross organization of the young man, and had drawn from him formerly words of passion. Marie soon perceived the change in the feelings with which she inspired him. She had never felt assured of being beloved, but at times, some expressions of tenderness uttered by Guillaume had renewed her illusion. Now these flashes of hope, these occasional gleams came only to deceive her ; pained by the presence of him whom she had so much loved, she would have fled from him, the better to suffer. She felt, with a kind of consolation, that her life was ebbing away. One day she told Guillaume, that repose was needful to her to regain her strength, and that she should not see him for some time. Without doubt, he did not understand that she was about to die, for he quitted her without emotion. In the first day of this seclusion which she imposed on herself, Marie watched eagerly the house opposite hers where Guillaume lived ; she followed him with her looks into his studio ; she counted his hours of labor, and when he was faithful to his promise, a feeble hope awoke in her heart ; but the morning dissipated the illusion of the evening. Soon, she saw Guillaume but a few minutes ; he even forgot to place himself at the balcony to salute her ; finally, he ceased entirely to make his appearance ; he no longer came to the dwelling of his benefactress to inform himself if she were better ; and Marie, weary with suffering and hoping in vain, implored death as a deliverer.

One evening she was devoured by fever ; she left her bed, and opening her window, she exposed herself half-dressed to the cold night-air. Resting on the balcony, she fixed her looks on the house where Guillaume lived ; one window was lighted ; her burning eye darted there with avidity ; she thought she saw two shadows glide past the window ; one of them was Guillaume's, the other, . . . she leaned out of the balcony as if this movement would have cleared the space, . . . the other was the shadow of a woman !

Urged on by emotions of rage and jealousy, to which her pure and resigned nature had heretofore been a stranger, regaining her strength in the excitement of her grief, Marie rushed into the garden, devoured the space, passed the door which communicated with the formerly deserted house, and with one bound ascending the staircase, she placed herself like a shadow on the threshold of the lighted room. Pallid, erect, she resembled a spectre whose haggard eye comes to interrogate the living. You would have said that she demanded an account from that man for the profanation of her life. He was there miserably crouched at a table covered with empty bottles. With purple face, drunken eye, drooping and besotted lips, he smiled on a young villager, seated near him, vigorous, beautiful, but of a merely carnal beauty. The furniture was in disorder about them; the most precious works of art had been profaned; upon pictures of great price lay some remnants of the food; Etruscan vases were filled with liquor and wine, and this apartment, adorned by the love of a noble woman, was now stained by orgies and debauchery. Marie remained motionless; consternation took from her all power of speech; she thought herself mad. Suddenly Guillaume raised his eyes; he saw this white form, this face where there was no longer life; he was affrightened. The girl who was near him turned her head to the same side, and full of fear pressed close to Guillaume, saying; "what does that phantom want of us?" Marie remained motionless; Guillaume trembled; "Pardon," cried he with altered voice, "I knew that you were dying, that you were dead, and I have chosen in life a woman who resembled you; this girl is beautiful as thou wert when I saw thee at Utrecht; she grants me the happiness that you have always refused me; I love her in memory of thee. Oh! Marie, do not curse me! . . ." Intoxication plunged Guillaume in a kind of hallucination which showed to him, as a spectre escaped from the tomb, her whom he had killed by his outrages. At these words, Marie turned her ardent eye on the young girl, who rested on the heart where she alas! could never repose; she eagerly scanned her features; and, recalling her own face before grief had faded it, she recognised the resemblance which Guillaume had remarked; there was the same car-

nation, the same form, the same outline; but the seal of feeling and intellect was wanting in this effigy. Marie comprehended then clearly with what love Guillaume knew how to love; and casting on the man of flesh a last look, a look of pity for himself, she said to him slowly; "I pardon thee, adieu. . . ." Then she vanished like a shadow. At these words, which they believed pronounced by a spectre, struck with terror, Guillaume, and she whom he held, fell fainting.

Marie van Oosterwich died that night; her hand was stiffened while writing the testament of her last wishes; she bequeathed to her family half of her fortune, and left the other half to the hospital at Delft, with the reservation that they should pay yearly an alimony to Guillaume van Aelst, leaving him always ignorant of the hand which imparted the benefit. She did not wish that he, whom she had once loved, should pass through the last degrees of misery and shame.

A.

SILENCE AND SPEECH.

A LITTLE pleasant bubbling up
From the unfathomable ocean,
A little glimmering from the unmeasured sun,
A little noise, a little motion —
Such is human speech :
I to thee would teach
A truth diviner, deeper
Than this empty strife —
For thou art the keeper
Of the wells of life.

Godlike Silence! I would woo thee —
Leave behind this thoughtless clamor,
Journey upward, upward to thee.
Put on thy celestial armor.
Let us speak no more,
Let us be divinities;
Let poor mortals prate and roar;
Know we not how small it is
To be ever uttering,
Babbling and muttering?

Thou canst never tell the whole
 Of thine unmanageable soul.
 Deeper than thy deepest speech,
 Wiser than thy wisest thought,
 Something lies thou canst not reach,
 Never to the surface brought.

Masses without form or make,
 Sleeping gnomes that never wake,
 Genii bound by magic spells,
 Fairies and all miracles,
 Shapes unclassified and wonderful,
 Huge and dire and beautiful,
 Dreams and hopes and prophecies
 Struggling to ope their eyes,
 All that is most vast and dim,
 All that is most good and bad,
 Demon, sprite, and cherubim,
 Spectral troops and angels glad,
 Things that stir not, yet are living,
 Up to the light forever striving
 Thoughts whose faces are averted,
 Guesses dwelling in the dark,
 Instincts not to be diverted
 From their ever-present mark—
 Such thy inner soul, O man,
 Which no outward eye may scan,
 Wonderful, most wonderful—
 Terrible and beautiful!
 Speak not, reason not—but live;
 Reins to thy true nature give,
 And in each unconscious act
 Forth will shine the hidden Fact.

Yet this smooth surface thou must break,
 Thou must give as well as take.

Why this silence long and deep?
 Dost thou wake, or dost thou sleep?
 Up and speak—persuade and teach!
 What so beautiful as speech?
 Sing us the old song,
 Be our warbling bird,
 Thou hast sealed thy lips too long,
 And the world must all go wrong,
 If it hath no spoken word.

Out with it—thou hast it!
 We would feel it, taste it.
 Be our Delphic oracle,
 Let the Memnon-statue sing,
 Let the music rise and swell,
 We will enter the ring

Where the silent Ones dwell,
 And we will compel
 The powers that we seek
 Through us to sing — through us to speak.
 And hark — Apollo's lyre!
 Young Mercury, with words of fire!
 And Jove — the serene Air — hath thundered,*
 As when by old Prometheus
 The lightning stolen for our use
 From out his sky was plundered !

Man to his SOUL draws near,
 And silence now hath all to fear,
 Her realm is invaded
 Her temple degraded —
 For Eloquence like a strong and turbid river
 Is flowing through her cities. On forever
 The mighty waves are dashing, and the sound
 Disturbs the deities profound.
 God through man is speaking,
 And hearts and souls are waking,
 Each to each his visions tells,
 And all rings out like a chime of bells.
 THE WORD — THE WORD — thou hast it now !
 Silence befits the gods above,
 But Speech is the star on manhood's brow,
 The sign of truth — the sign of love.

C.

THOUGHTS ON THEOLOGY.*

AT the present day Germany seems to be the only country, where the various disciplines of Theology are pursued in the liberal and scientific spirit, which some men fancy is peculiar to the nineteenth century. It is the only country where they seem to be studied for their own sake, as Poetry, Eloquence, and the Mathematics have long been. In other quarters of the world, they are left too much to men of subordinate intellect, of little elevation or range of thought, who pursue their course, which is "roundly

* *Entwicklungsgeschichte der Lehre von der Person Christi von den Ältesten Zeiten bis auf die neuesten, dargestellt.* Von J. A. DORNER. a. o. Professor der Theologie an der Universität Tübingen. Stuttgart : 1839. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. xxiv and 556. [Historical development of the doctrine of the person of Christ, from the earliest to the latest times, &c.]

smooth, and languishingly slow," and after a life of strenuous assiduity find they have not got beyond the "Standards," set up ages before them. Many theologians seem to set out with their faces turned to some popular prejudice of their times, their church, or their school, and walk backwards, as it were, or at best in a circle where the movement is retrograde as often as direct. Somebody relates a story, that once upon a time a scholar after visiting the place of his Academic education, and finding the old Professors then just where they were ten years before, discussing the same questions, and blowing similar bubbles, and splitting hairs anew, was asked by a friend, "what they were doing at the old place?" He answered, "One was milking the barren Heifer, and the others holding the sieve."

To this rule, for such we hold it to be, in France, England, and America, at this day, there are some brilliant exceptions; men who look with a single eye towards truth, and are willing to follow wherever she shall lead; men too, whose mind and heart elevate them to the high places of human attainment, whence they can speak to bless mankind. These men are the creatures of no sect or school, and are found, where God has placed them, in all the various denominations of our common faith. It is given to no party, nor coterie, to old school, or new school, to monopolize truth, freedom, and love. We are sick of that narrowness which sees no excellence, except what wears the livery of its own guild. But the favored sons of the free spirit are so rare in the world at large; their attention so seldom turned to theological pursuits, that the above rule will be found to hold good in chief, and Theology to be left, as by general consent, to men of humble talents, and confined methods of thought, who walk mainly under the cloud of prejudice, and but rarely escape from the trammels of Bigotry and Superstition. Brilliant and profound minds turn away to Politics, Trade, Law, the fascinating study of nature so beautiful and composing; men, who love freedom and are gifted with power to soar through the empyrean of thought, seek a freer air, and space more ample wherein to spread their wings. Meanwhile, the dim cloisters of theology, once filled with the great and wise of the earth, are rarely trod by the children of Genius and Liberty. We have wise, and pious, and learned, and elo-

quent preachers, the hope of the church, the ornaments and defence of society; men who contend for public virtue, and fight the battle for all souls with earnest endeavor, but who yet care little for the science of divine things. We have sometimes feared our young men forsook in this their fathers' wiser ways, for surely there was a time when theology was *studied* in our land.

From the neglect of serious, disinterested, and manly thought, applied in this direction, there comes the obvious result; while each other science goes forward, passing through all the three stages requisite for its growth and perfection; while it makes new observations, or combines facts more judiciously, or from these infers and induces general laws hitherto unnoticed, and so develops itself, becoming yearly wider, deeper, and more certain, its numerous phenomena being referred back to elementary principles and universal laws, — Theology remains in its old position. Its form has changed; but the change is not scientific, the result of an elementary principle. In the country of Bossuet and Hooker, we doubt that any new observation, any new combination of facts has been made, or a general law discovered in these matters, by any theologian of the present century, or a single step taken by theological science. In the former country, an eminent philosopher, of a brilliant mind, with rare faculties of combination and lucid expression, though often wordy, has done much for psychology, chiefly however by uniting into one focus the several truths which emanate from various anterior systems, by popularizing the discoveries of deeper spirits than his own, and by turning the ingenious youth to this noble science. In spite of the defects arising from his presumption and love of making all facts square with his formula, rather than the formula express the spirit of the facts, he has yet furnished a magazine, whence theological supplies may be drawn, and so has indirectly done much for a department of inquiry which he has himself never entered. We would not accept his errors, his hasty generalizations, and presumptuous flights, — so they seem to us, — and still less would we pass over the vast service he has done to this age by his vigorous attacks on the sensual philosophy and his bold defence of spiritual thought. Mr. Coleridge also in England, — a spirit analogous but not

similar to Mr. Cousin, — has done great service to this science, but mainly by directing men to the old literature of his countrymen and the Greeks, or the new productions of his philosophical contemporaries on the continent of Europe. He seems to have caught a Pisgah view of that land of stream and meadow, which he was forbid to enter. These writers have done great service to men whose date begins with this century. Others are now applying their methods and writing their books, sometimes with only the enthusiasm of imitators, it may be.

We would speak tenderly of existing reputations in our own country, and honor the achievements of those men who, with hearts animated only by love of God and man, devote themselves to the pursuit of truth in this path, and outwatch the Bear in their severe studies. To them all honor. But we ask for the theologians of America, who shall take rank as such with our historians, our men of science and politics. Where are they? We have only the echo for answer, Are they?

We state only a common and notorious fact, in saying, that there is no *science* of theology with us. There is enough cultivation and laborious thought in the clerical profession, perhaps, as some one says, more serious and hard thinking than in both the sister professions. The nature of the case demands it. So there was thinking enough about natural philosophy among the Greeks, after Aristotle; but little good came of it in the way of science. We hazard little in saying that no treatise has been printed in England in the present century of so great theological merit as that of pagan Cicero on the Nature of the Gods, or the preface to his treatise of Laws. The work of Aristotle is still the text book of morals at the first university in Christian England.

In all science this seems everywhere the rule. The more Light, the freer, the more profound and searching the investigation, why the better; the sooner a false theory is exploded and a new one induced from the observed facts, the better also. In theology the opposite rule seems often to prevail. Hence, while other sciences go smoothly on in regular advance, theology moves only by leaps and violence. The theology of Protestantism and Unitarianism are not regular developments which have grown harmoni-

ously out of a systematic study of divine things, as the theory of gravitation and acoustics in the progress of philosophy. They are rather the results of a spasmodic action, to use that term. It was no difficult thing in philosophy to separate astronomy from the magicians and their works of astrology and divination. It required only years and the gradual advance of mankind. But to separate religion from the existing forms, churches, or records, is a work almost desperate, which causes strife and perhaps bloodshed. A theological reformation throws kingdoms into anarchy for the time. Doctrines in philosophy are neglected as soon as proved false, and buried as soon as dead. But the art of the embalmer preserves, in the church, the hulls of effete dogmas in theology, to cumber the ground for centuries, and disgust the pious worshipper who would offer a reasonable service. It is only the living that *bury* the dead. The history of these matters is curious and full of warning. What was once condemned by authority, becomes itself an authority to condemn. What was once at the summit of the sublime, falls in its turn to the depth of the ridiculous. We remember a passage of Julius Firmicus, which we will translate freely, as it illustrates this point; "Since all these things," namely, certain false notions, "were ill concocted, they were at first a terror unto mortals; then, when their novelty passed away, and mankind recovered, as it were, from a long disease, a certain degree of contempt arises for that former admiration. Thus gradually the human mind has ventured to scrutinize sharply, what it only admired with stupid amazement at the first. Very soon some sagacious observer penetrates to the very secret places of these artificial and empty superstitions. Then by assiduous efforts, understanding the mystery of what was formerly a secret, he comes to a real knowledge of the causes of things. Thus the human race first learns the pitiful deceits of the profane systems of religion; it next despises, and at last rejects them with disdain." Thus, as another has said, "Men quickly hated this blear-eyed religion, (the Catholic superstitions) when a little light had come among them, which they hugged in the might of their ignorance."

For the successful prosecution of theology, as of every science, certain conditions must be observed. We must

abandon prejudice. The maxim of the Saint, CONFIDO, ERGO SUM, is doubtless as true as that of the Philosopher, COGITO, ERGO SUM. But it is pernicious when it means, as it often does, I BELIEVE, AND THEREFORE IT IS SO. The theologian of our day, like the astronomer of Galileo's time, must cast his idols of the Tribe, the Den, the Market-place, and the School, to the moles and the bats; must have a disinterested love of truth; be willing to follow wherever she leads. He must have a willingness to search for all the facts relative to divine things, which can be gathered from the depths of the human soul, or from each nation and every age. He must have diligence and candor to examine this mass of spiritual facts; philosophical skill to combine them; power to generalize and get the universal expression of each particular fact, thus discovering the one principle which lies under the numerous and conflicting phenomena. Need we say that he must have a good, pious, loving heart? An undevout theleologian is the most desperate of madmen. A whole Anticyra would not cure him.

This empire of prejudice is still wide enough a domain for the prince of lies; but formerly it was wider, and included many departments of philosophy, which have since, through the rebellion of their tenants, been set off to the empire of Reason, which extends every century. Theology, though now and then rebellious against its tyrant, has never shaken off his yoke, and seems part of his old ancestral dominion, where he and his children shall long reign. An old writer unconsciously describes times later than his own, and says, "No two things do so usurp upon and waste the faculty of Reason, as Enthusiasm and Superstition; the one binding a faith, the other a fear upon the soul, which they vainly entitle some divine discovery; both train a man up to believe beyond possibility of proof; both instruct the mind to conceive merely by the wind, the vain words of some passionate men, that can but pretend a revelation, or tell a strange story; both teach a man to deliver over himself to the confident dictate of the sons of imagination; to determine of things by measures phantastical, rules which cannot maintain themselves in credit by any sober and severe discourses; both inure the mind to divine rather than to judge; to dispute for maxims rather vehement than solid; both make a man afraid to believe

himself, to acknowledge the truth that overpowers his mind, and that would reward its cordial entertainment with assurance and true freedom of spirit. Both place a man beyond possibility of conviction, it being in vain to present an argument against him that thinks he can confront a revelation, a miracle, or some strange judgment from heaven, upon his adversary to your confusion. It seems, there is not a greater evil in the State, than wickedness established by Law; nor a greater in the Church than error [established] by Religion, and an ignorant devotion towards God. And therefore no pains and care are too much to remove these two beams from the eye of human understanding, which render it so insufficient for a just and faithful discovery of objects in religion and common science. ‘*Pessima res est errorum apotheosis, et pro peste intellectus habenda est, si vanis accedat veneratio.*’”*

Theology is not yet studied in a philosophical spirit, and the method of a science. Writers seem resolved to set up some standard of their fathers or their own, so they explore but a small part of the field, and that only with a certain end in view. They take a small part of the human race as the representative of the whole, and neglect all the rest. As the old geographers drew a chart of the world, so far as they knew it, but crowded the margin, where the land was unknown, “with shrieks, and shapes, and sights unholy,” with figures of dragons, chimeras, winged elephants, and four-footed whales, anthropophagi, and “men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,” so “divines” have given us the notions of a few sects of religious men, and telling us they never examined the others, have concluded to rest in this comprehensive generalization, that all besides were filled with falsehood and devilish devices. What is to be expected of such methods? Surely it were as well to give such inquirers at starting the result they must reach at the end of their course. It appears legitimate to leave both students and teachers of geology, mathematics, and science in general, to soar on the loftiest thoughts toward absolute truth, only stopping when the wing was weary or the goal reached; but to

* Spencer's Discourse concerning Prodigies. London, 1665. Preface, p. xv.

direct the students and teachers of things divine, to accept certain conclusions arrived at centuries ago! If Faraday and Herschel pursued the *theological* method in their sciences, no harm would be done to them or the world, if they were required to accept the "standard" of Thales or Paracelsus, and subscribe the old creed every lustrum. The method could lead to nothing better, and the conclusion, the inquirer must reach, might as well be forced upon him at the beginning as the end of his circular course. The ridiculous part of the matter is this, — that the man professes to search for whatever truth is to be found, but has sworn a solemn oath never to accept as truth, what does not conform to the idols he worships at home. We have sometimes thought what a strange spectacle, — ridiculous to the merry, but sad to the serious, — would appear if the Almighty should have sent down the brilliant image of pure, absolute Religion, into the assembly of divines at Westminster, or any similar assembly. Who would acknowledge the image?

The empire of Prejudice is perhaps the last strong-hold of the father of lies, that will surrender to Reason. At present, a great part of the domain of theology is under the rule of that most ancient czar. There common sense rarely shows his honest face; Reason seldom comes. It is a land shadowy with the wings of Ignorance, Superstition, Bigotry, Fanaticism, the brood of clawed, and beaked, and hungry Chaos and most ancient Night. There Darkness, as an Eagle, stirreth up her nest; fluttereth over her young; spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh her children; beareth them on her wings over the high places of the earth, that they may eat, and trample down, and defile the increase of the fields. There stands the great arsenal of Folly, and the old war-cry of the pagan, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," is blazoned on the banner that floats above its walls. There the spectres of Judaism, and Heathenism, and Pope, and Pagan, pace forth their nightly round; the ghost of Moloch, Saturn, Baal, Odin, fight their battles over again, and feast upon the dead. There the eye is terrified, and the mind made mad with the picture of a world that has scarce a redeeming feature, with a picture of heaven such as a good free man would scorn to enter, and a picture of hell such as a fury would delight to paint.

If we look a little at the history of theology, it appears that errors find easiest entrance there, and are most difficult to dislodge. It required centuries to drive out of the Christian Church a belief in ghosts and witches. The Devil is still a classical personage of theology; his existence maintained by certain churches in their articles of faith; and while we are writing these pages, a friend tells us of hearing a preacher of the popular doctrine declare in his public teaching from the pulpit, that to deny the existence of the Devil, is to destroy the character of Christ. In science we ask first, what are the facts of observation whence we shall start? next, what is the true and natural order, explanation, and meaning of these facts? The first work is to find the facts, then their law and meaning. Now here are two things to be considered, namely, FACTS and NO-FACTS. For every false theory there are a thousand false facts. In theology, the data, in many celebrated cases, are facts of assumption, not observation; in a word, are NO-FACTS. When Charles the Second asked the Royal Society, "Why a living fish put into a vessel of water added nothing to the weight of the water?" there were enough, no doubt, to devise a theory, and explain the fact, "by the upward pressure of the water," "the buoyancy of the air in the living fish," "its motion and the reaction of the water." But when some one ventured to verify the fact, it was found to be no-fact. Had the Royal Academy been composed of "Divines," and not of Naturalists and Philosophers, the theological method would have been pursued, and we should have had theories as numerous as the attempts to reconcile the story of Jonah with human experience, and science would be where it was at first. Theology generally passes dry-shod over the first question,—*What are the facts?*—"with its garlands and singing-robcs about it." Its answer to the next query is therefore of no value.

We speak historically of things that have happened, when we say, that many, if not most of those theological questions, which have been matters of dispute and railing, belong to the class of explanations of no-facts. Such, we take it, are the speculations, for the most part, that have grown out of the myths of the Old and New Testament; about Angels, Devils, personal appearances of the Deity,

miraculous judgments, supernatural prophecies, the trinity, and the whole class of miracles from Genesis to Revelation. Easy faith and hard logic have done enough in theology. Let us answer the first question, and verify the facts before we attempt to explain them.

As we look back on the history of the world, the retrospect is painful. The history of science is that of many wanderings before reaching the truth. But the history of theology is the darkest chapter of all, for neither the true end nor the true path seems yet to be discovered and pursued. In the history of every department of thought there seem to be three periods pretty distinctly marked. First, the period of *hypothesis*, when observation is not accurate, and the solution of the problem, when stated, is a matter of conjecture, mere guess-work. Next comes the period of *observation and induction*, when men ask for the facts, and their law. Finally, there is the period when science is developed still further *by its own laws*, without the need of new observations. Such is the present state of mathematics, speculative astronomy, and some other departments, as we think. Thus science may be in advance of observation. Some of the profound remarks of Newton belong to this last epoch of science. An ancient was in the first when he answered the question, "Why does a man draw his feet under him, when he wishes to rise from his seat?" by saying it was "on account of the occult properties of the circle."

Now theology with us is certainly in the period of hypothesis. The facts are assumed; the explanation is guess-work. To take an example from a section of theology much insisted on at the present day,—the use and meaning of miracles. The general thesis is, that miracles confirm the authority of him who works them, and authenticate his teachings to be divine. We will state it in a syllogistic and more concrete form. Every miracle-worker is a heaven-sent and infallible teacher of truth. Jonah is a miracle-worker. Therefore Jonah is a heaven-sent and infallible teacher of truth. Now we should begin by denying the *major* in full, and go on to ask proofs of the *minor*. But the theological method is to assume both. When both premises are assumptions, the conclusion will be,—what we see it is. Men build neither castles nor tem-

ples of moonshine. Yet in spite of this defect, limitation, and weakness, it is a common thing to subject other sciences to this pretended science of Theology. Psychology, Ethics, Geology, and Astronomy are successively arraigned, examined, and censured or condemned, because their conclusions, — though legitimately deduced from notorious facts, — do not square with the assumptions of theology, which still aspires to be head of all. But to present this claim for theology in its present state, is like making the bramble king over the trees of the forest. The result would be as Jotham's parable. Theology would say, come and put your trust in my shadow. But if you will not, a fire shall go out from the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

Now as it seems to us, there are two legitimate methods of attempting to improve and advance theology. One is for the theologian to begin anew, trusting entirely to meditation, contemplation, and thought, and ask WHAT can be known of divine things, and HOW can it be known and legitimated? This work of course demands, that he should criticise the faculty of knowing, and determine its laws, and see, *a priori*, what are our instruments of knowing, and what the law and method of their use, and thus discover the NOVUM ORGANUM of theology. This determined, he must direct his eye *inward* on what passes there, studying the stars of that inner firmament, as the astronomer reads the phenomena of the heavens. He must also look *outward* on the face of nature and of man, and thus read the primitive Gospel God wrote on the heart of his child, and illustrated in the Earth and the sky and the events of life. Thus from observations made in the external world, made also in the internal world, comprising both the *reflective* and the *intuitive* faculties of man, he is to frame the theory of God, of man, of the relation between God and man, and of the duties that grow out of this relation, for with these four questions we suppose theology is exclusively concerned. This is the *philosophical* method, and it is strictly legitimate. It is pursued in the other sciences, and to good purpose. Thus science becomes the interpreter of nature, not its lawgiver. The other method is to get the sum of the theological thinking of the human race, and out of this mass construct a system, without attempt-

ing a fresh observation of facts. This is the *historical* method, and it is useful to show what has been done. The opinion of mankind deserves respect, no doubt; but this method can lead to a perfect theology no more than historical Eclecticism can lead to a perfect philosophy. The former researches in theology, as in magnetism and geology, offer but a narrow and inadequate basis to rest on.

This historical scheme has often been attempted, but never systematically, thoroughly, and critically, so far as we know. In England and America, however, it seems almost entirely to have dispossessed the philosophical method of its rights. But it has been conducted in a narrow, exclusive manner, after the fashion of antiquarians searching to prove a preconceived opinion, rather than in the spirit of philosophical investigation. From such measures we must expect melancholy results. From the common abhorrence of the philosophical method, and the narrow and uncritical spirit in which the historical method is commonly pursued, comes this result. Our philosophy of divine things is the poorest of all our poor philosophies. It is not a theology, but a despair of all theology. The theologian, — as Lord Bacon says of a method of philosophizing that was common in his time, — “hurries on rapidly from particulars to the most general axioms, and from them as principles, and their supposed indisputable truth, derives and discovers the intermediate axioms.” Of course what is built on conjecture, and only by guess, can never satisfy men, who ask for the facts and their law and explanation.

Still more, deference for authority is carried to the greatest extreme in theology. The sectarian must not dispute against the “Standards” set up by the Synod of Dort, the Westminster Divines, or the Council of Trent. These settle all controversies. If the theologian is no sectarian, in the usual sense of that word, then his “Standard” is the Bible. He settles questions of philosophy, morals, and religion by citing texts, which prove only the opinion of the writer, and perhaps not even that. The chain of his argument is made of Scripture sentences well twisted. As things are now managed by theologians in general, there is little chance of improvement. As Bacon says of universities in his day, “They learn nothing but to believe; first,

that others know this which they know not, and often, [that] themselves know that which they know not. They are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal." And again. "All things are found opposite to advancement; for the readings and exercises are so managed, that it cannot easily come into any one's mind to think of things out of the common road; or if here and there, one should venture to ask a liberty of judging, he can only impose the task upon himself without obtaining assistance from his fellows; and if he could dispense with this, he will still find his industry and resolution a great hindrance to his fortune. For the studies of men in such places are confined and penned down to the writings of certain authors; from which if any man happens to differ, he is presently reprehended as a disturber and innovator." And still farther. "Their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors, did, out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit."

There are two methods of philosophizing in general, that of the Materialists and the Spiritualists, to use these terms. The one is perhaps most ably represented in the *Novum Organum* of Lord Bacon, and the other in Descartes' *Book of Method* and of *Principles*. The latter was early introduced to England by a few Platonizing philosophers, — now better known abroad than at home, we fancy, — whose pious lives, severe study, and volumes full of the ripest thought have not yet redeemed them, in the judgment of their countrymen, from the charge of being mystics, dreamers of dreams, too high for this world, too low for the next, so of no use in either. But this method, inasmuch as it laid great stress on the *inward* and the *ideal*, — in the Platonic sense, — and, at least in its one-sidedness and misapplication, led sometimes to the visionary and absurd, has been abandoned by our brethren in England. Few British scholars, since the seventeenth century, have studied theology in the spirit of the Cartesian method. The other method, that of Bacon, begins by neglecting that half of man's nature which is primarily concerned with divine things. This has been found more

congenial with the taste and character of the English and American nations. They have applied it, with eminent success, to experimental science, for which it was designed, and from which it was almost exclusively derived by its illustrious author. We would speak with becoming diffidence respecting the defects of a mind so vast as Bacon's, which burst the trammels of Aristotle and the School-men, emancipated philosophy in great measure from the theological method which would cripple the intellectual energies of the race. But it must be confessed that Bacon's Philosophy recognises scarcely the possibility of a theology, certainly of none but a historical theology, — gathering up the limbs of Osiris dispersed throughout the world. It lives in the senses, not the soul. Accordingly, this method is applied chiefly in the departments of natural and mechanical philosophy; and even here Englishmen begin to find it inadequate to the ultimate purposes of science, by reason of its exceeding outwardness, and so look for a better instrument than the *Novum Organum*, wherewith to arm the hand of science.* One of the most thorough Baconians of the present day, as we understand it, is Mr. Comte, the author of the course of positive Philosophy now publishing at Paris; and it is curious to see the results he has reached, namely, Materialism in Psychology, Selfishness in Ethics, and Atheism in Theology. It is not for us to say he is logically false to his principles.

Some of the countrymen of Bacon, however, have attempted to apply his method in other departments of human inquiry. Locke has done this in metaphysics. It was with Bacon's new instrument in his hand, that he struck at the root of innate ideas; at our idea of Infinity, Eternity, and the like. But here his good sense sometimes, his excellent heart and character, truly humane and Christian, much oftener, as we think, saved him from the conclusions, to which this method has legitimately led others who have followed it. The method defective, so was the work. A Damascus mechanic, with a very rude instrument, may form exquisite blades, and delicate filagree; but no skill of the artist, no excellence of heart, can counteract the de-

* See Whewell's *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, etc. London, 1840. 2 vols. 8vo. See Preface to Vol. I.

fects of the *Novum Organum*, when applied to morals, metaphysics, or theology. Hume furnishes another instance of the same kind. His treatise of Natural Religion we take to be a rigid application of Bacon's method in theological inquiries, and his inductions to be legitimate, admitting his premises and accepting his method. A third instance of the same kind is afforded by the excellent Dr. Paley. Here this method is applied in morals; the result is too well known to need mention.

Never did a new broom sweep so clean as this new instrument, in the various departments of metaphysics, theology, and ethics. Love, God, and the Soul are swept clean out of doors.* We are not surprised that no one, following Bacon's scheme, has ever succeeded in argument with these illustrious men, or driven Materialism, Selfishness, and Skepticism from the field of Philosophy, Morals, and Religion. The answer to these systems must come from men who adopt a different method. Weapons tempered in another spring were needed to cleave asunder the seven-orbed Baconian shield, and rout the Skepticism sheltered thereby. No Baconian philosopher, so it seems to us, has ever ruffled its terrible crest, though the merest stripling of the Gospel could bring it to the ground. The replies to Locke, Hume, and Paley come into England from countries where a more spiritual philosophy has fortunately got footing.

The consequences of this exclusive Baconianism of the English have been disastrous to theological pursuits. The "Divines" in England, at the present day, her Bishops, Professors, and Prebendaries, are not theologians. They are logicians, chemists, skilled in the mathematics; historians, poor commentators upon Greek poets. Theology is out of their line. They have taken the ironical advice of Bishop Hare. Hence it comes to pass, either that theology is not *studied* at all; only an outside and preparatory department is entered; or it is studied with little success, even when a man like Lord Brougham girds himself for the task. The most significant theological productions of the last five and twenty years in England are the Bridgewater

* We would not have it supposed we charge these results upon the *men*, but on their systems, if legitimately carried out.

Treatises, some of which are valuable contributions to natural science. Of Lord Brougham's theological writings little need be said, and of the Oxford Tracts we shall only say, that while we admire the piety displayed in them, we do not wonder that their authors despair of theology, and so fall back on dark ages; take authority for truth, and not truth for authority. The impotence of the English in this department is surely no marvel. It would take even a giant a long time to hew down an oak with a paver's maul, useful as that instrument may be in another place. Few attempt theology, and fewer still succeed. Men despair of the whole matter. While truth is before them in all other departments, and research gives not merely historical results to the antiquary, but positive conclusions to the diligent seeker, here in the most important of all the fields of human speculation, she is supposed to be only behind us, and to have no future blessing to bestow. Thus theology, though both Queen and Mother of all science, is left alone, unapproached, unseen, unhonored, though worshipped by a few weak idolaters, with vain oblation, and incense kindled afar off, while strong men and the whole people have gone up on every hill-top, and under every green tree, to sacrifice and do homage to the Useful and the Agreeable. Any one, who reads the English theological journals, or other recent works on those subjects, will see the truth of what we have said, and how their scholars retreat to the time of the Reformation and Revolution, and bring up the mighty dead, the Hookers, the Taylors, the Cudworths, with their illustrious predecessors and contemporaries, who with all their faults had a spark of manly fire in their bosoms, which shone out in all their works. It must be confessed, that theology in England and America is in about the same state with astronomy in the time of Scotus Erigena.

Now theological problems change from age to age; the reflective character of our age, the philosophical spirit that marks our time, is raising questions in theology never put before. If the "Divines" will not think of theological subjects, nor meet the question, why others will. The matter cannot be winked out of sight. Accordingly, unless we are much deceived, the educated laymen have applied good sense to theology, as the "Divines" have not dared

to do, at least in public, and reached conclusions far in advance of the theology of the pulpit. It is a natural consequence of the theological method, that the men wedded to it should be farther from truth in divine things, than men free from its shackles. It is not strange, then, for the pulpit to be behind the pews. Yet it would be very surprising if the professors of medicine, chemistry, and mathematics understood those mysteries more imperfectly than laymen, who but thought of the matter incidentally, as it were.

The history of theology shows an advance, at least, a change in its great questions. They rise in one age and are settled in the next, after some fierce disputing; for it is a noticeable fact, that as religious wars,—so they are called,—are of all others the most bloody, so theological controversies are most distinguished for misunderstanding, perversity, and abuse. We know not why, but such is the fact. Now there are some great questions in theology that come up in our time to be settled, which have not been asked in the same spirit before. Among them are the following.

What relation does Christianity bear to the Absolute? What relation does Jesus of Nazareth bear to the human race? What relation do the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament bear to Christianity?

The first is the vital question, and will perhaps be scarce settled favorably to the Christianity of the Church. The second also is a serious question, but one which the recent discussions of the Trinity will help to answer. The third is a practical and historical question of great interest. In the time of Paul the problem was to separate Religion from the forms of the Mosaic ritual; in Luther's day to separate it from the forms of the Church; in our age to separate it from the letter of Scripture, and all personal authority, pretended or real, and leave it to stand or fall by itself. There is nothing to fear from Truth, or for Truth. But if these questions be answered, as we think they must be, then a change will come over the spirit of our theology, to which all former changes therein were as nothing. But what is true will stand; yes, will stand, though all present theologies perish.

We have complained of the position of theology in England and America. Let us look a little into a single de-

partment of it, and one most congenial to the English mind, that of Ecclesiastical History; here our literature is most miserably deficient. Most English writers quote the Fathers, as if any writer of the first six centuries was as good authority for whatever relates to the primitive practice or opinion, as Clement of Alexandria, or Justin Martyr. Apart from the honorable and ancient name of Cave we have scarce an original historian of the church in the English tongue, unless we except Mr. Campbell, whose little work is candid and clear, and shows an acquaintance with the sources, though sometimes it betrays too much of a polemical spirit. England has produced three great historians within less than a century. Their works, though unequal, are classics; and their name and influence will not soon pass away. To rank with them in Ecclesiastical history, we have Echhard, Milner, Waddington, Milman! The French have at least Du-Pin, Jillemont, and Fleury; the Germans, Mosheim, Walch, Arnold, Semler, Schroeckh, Gieseler, and Neander, not to mention others scarcely inferior to any of these. In America little is to be expected of our labors in this department. We have no libraries that would enable us to verify the quotations in Gieseler; none perhaps that contains all the important sources of ecclesiastical history. Still all other departments of this field are open to us, where a large library is fortunately not needed.

Now in Germany theology is still studied by minds of a superior order, and that with all the aid which Science can offer in the nineteenth century. The mantle of the prophet, ascending from France and England, and with it a double portion of his spirit has fallen there. Theology has but shifted her ground, not forsaken the Earth; so, it is said, there is always one phenix, and one alone, in the world, although it is sometimes in the Arabian, sometimes in the Persian Sky. In this country, we say it with thanksgiving, theology is still pursued. Leibnitz used to boast that his countrymen came late to philosophy. It seems they found their account in entering the field after the mists of morning had left the sky, and the barriers could be seen, when the dew had vanished from the grass. They have come through Philosophy to Theology still later; for the theology of the Germans before Semler's time, valuable

as it is in every respect, is only related to the modern, as our Scandinavian fathers, who worshipped Odin and Thor, two thousand years ago, are related to us. Germany is said to be the land of books. It is *par excellence* the land of theological books. To look over the *Literatur Anzeiger*, one is filled with amazement and horror at the thought, that somebody is to read each of the books, and many will attempt inward digestion thereof. Some thousands of years ago it was said "of writing books there is no end." What would the same man say could he look over the catalogue of the last Leipsic fair?

We do not wonder that the eyes of theologians are turned attentively to Germany at this time, regarding it as the new East out of which the star of Hope is to rise. Still it is but a mixed result which we can expect; something will no doubt be effected both of good and ill. It is the part of men to welcome the former and ward off the latter. But we will here close our somewhat desultory remarks, and address ourselves to the work named at the head of this article.

In any country but Germany, we think, this would be reckoned a wonderful book; capable not only of making the author's literary reputation, but of making an epoch in the study of Ecclesiastical history, and of theology itself. The work is remarkable in respect to both of these departments of thought. Since copies of it are rare in this country, we have been induced to transfer to our pages some of the author's most instructive thoughts and conclusions, and give the general scope of the book itself, widely as it differs in many respects from our own view. Its author is a Professor of Theology at one of the more Orthodox Seminaries in Germany; and so far as we know this is the only work he has given to the public in an independent form.

In one of the prefaces, — for the work has two, and an introduction to boot, — the author says, that as Christianity goes on developing itself, and as men get clearer notions of what they contend about, all theological controversies come to turn more and more upon the person of Christ, as the point where all must be decided. With this discovery much is gained, for the right decision depends, in some

measure, on putting the question in a right way. It is easy to see that all turns on this question, 'whether it is necessary that there should be, and whether there actually has been, such a Christ as is represented in the meaning, though not always in the words of the Church. That is, whether there must be and has been a being, in whom the perfect union of the Divine and the Human has been made manifest in history. Now if Philosophy can demonstrate incontestably, that a Christ, in the above sense, is a notion self-contradictory and therefore impossible, there can no longer be any controversy between Philosophy and Theology. Then the Christ and the Christian Church, — as such, — have ceased to exist; or rather Philosophy has conquered the whole department of Christian Theology, as it were, from the enemy; for when the citadel is taken, the out-works must surrender at discretion. On the other hand, if it is shown that the notion of an *historical*, as well as an *ideal* Christ, is a necessary notion, "and the speculative construction of the person of Christ" is admitted, then Philosophy and Theology, essentially and most intimately set at one with each other, may continue their common work in peace. Philosophy has not lost her independence, but gained new strength. Now one party says, this is done already, "the person of Christ is constructed speculatively;" while the other says, the lists are now to be closed, inasmuch as it has been demonstrated that there can be no Christ, who is alike historical and ideal.

Professor Dorner thinks both parties are wrong; that "the speculative construction of the Christ" is not yet completed. Or in other words, that it has not yet been shown by speculative logic, that an entire and perfect incarnation of the Infinite, in the form of a perfect man, is an eternal and absolute idea, and therefore necessary to the salvation and completion of the human race; nor on the other hand has the opposite been demonstrated. Faith has been developed on one side, and Reason on the other, but not united. Philosophy and Religion are only enamored of 'one another, not wed, and the course of their true love is anything but smooth. His object is to show what has already passed between the two parties. Or, to speak without a figure, to give the net result of all attempts to explain by Reason or Faith, the idea of the Christ; to

show what has been done, and what still remains to be done in this matter. He thinks there is no great gulf fixed between Faith and Reason; that if Christianity be rational, that Reason itself has been unfolded and strengthened by Christianity, and may go on with no limit to her course.

He adds, moreover, that if Christ be, as theologians affirm, the key to open the history of the world, as well as to unloose all riddles, then it is not modesty, but arrogant inactivity which will not learn to use this key, and disclose all mysteries. He assumes two things in this inquiry, with no attempt at proof, namely, first, that the idea of a God-man, — a being who is at the same time perfect God and perfect Man, — is the great feature of Christianity; that this idea was made actual in Jesus of Nazareth: and again that this idea of a God-man exists, though unconsciously, in all religions; that it has been and must be the ideal of life to be both human and divine; a man filled and influenced by the power of God. Soon as man turns to this subject, it is seen that a holy and blessed life in God can only be conceived of as the unity of the divine and human life. Still farther, the ideal of a revelation of God consists in this, that God reveals himself not merely in signs and the phenomena of outward nature, which is blind and dumb, and knows not him who knows it, but that He should reveal Himself in the form of a being who is self-conscious, and knows him as he is known by him. In the infancy of thought, it was concluded no adequate representation of God could be made in the form of a God-man; for the Divine and Human were reckoned incompatible elements, or incommensurable quantities. God was considered an abstract essence of whom even BEING was to be predicated only with modesty. In its theoretic result, this differed little from Atheism; for it was not the Infinite, but an indefinite being, who revealed himself in the finite.

Now Christianity makes a different claim to the God-man. It has been the constant faith of the Christian Church, that in Jesus, the union of the Divine and Human was effected in a personal and peculiar manner. But the objection was made early and is still repeated, that this idea is not original in Christianity, since there were parallel historical manifestations of God in the flesh, before Je-

sus. But if this objection were real, it is of no value. Its time has gone by, since Christianity is regarded as a *doctrine*, and not merely an *historical fact*; as the organization of truth, which unites the scattered portions into one whole, that they may lie more level to the comprehension of men. But to settle this question, whether the idea is original with Christianity, it becomes necessary to examine the previous religions, and notice their essential agreement or disagreement with this.

"In this posture of affairs, all contributions will be welcome which serve to give a clearer notion of the ante-christian religions. So far as these contributions contain only the truth, it is a matter of indifference, whether they are made with a design hostile or favorable to Christianity. For the more perfectly we survey the field of ante-christian religions in its whole compass, the more clearly, on the one hand, do we perceive the preparation made for Christianity by previous religions, and its historical necessity; and, on the other hand, as we look back over all the phenomena in this field, we see not less clearly the same newness and originality of the Christian religion, which has long been admitted by every sound, historical mind, as it looks forward and sees its world-traversing and inexhaustible power. Yes, we must say, that it is for the sake of proving the truth of Christianity, and in particular of its all-supporting fundamental idea,—the absolute incarnation of God in Christ,—that we have abandoned the more limited stand-point which was supported by single peculiarities, such as inspiration, prophecy, and the like; that taking our position in the more comprehensive stand-point supported by the whole course of religious history before Christ, we may thoroughly understand how the whole ante-christian world strives towards Christ; how in him the common riddle of all previous religions is solved, and how in him, or still more particularly, in his fundamental idea, lies the solution by which we can understand all these religions better than they understood themselves. So long as all religions are not understood in their essential relation to Christianity, as negative or positive preparations for it, so long the historical side thereof will swing in the air."—pp. 3, 4.

He then goes on to inquire if it were possible this idea of the God-man could proceed from any religion before Christ, or was extant in his time. The Jews were hostile to it, as appears from the various forms of Ebionitism embraced by the Jewish Christians. Besides, the doctrine, or the fact, finds no adequate expression in Peter, or James,

in Matthew, Mark, or Luke. Hence some have conjectured it came from heathenism, and the conjecture seems at first corroborated by the fact, that it was not developed in the Church until the Gentiles had come in, and the apostles who lived in the midst of the heathens were the men who taught this doctrine.* But this natural suspicion is without foundation. Heathenism may be divided into Eastern and Western. The Indian religion may be taken as the type of one, the Greek of the other. But neither separates God distinctly enough from the world. Both deserve to be called a worship of nature.† One proceeds from the Divine in the objective world, the other from the finite, and both seek the common end, the unity of the Divine and Human. Hence in the East, the various incarnations of Krishna, in one of which he assumes the human form as the highest of all. Here the God descends to earth and becomes a man. Again Vishnu actually becomes man. The idea of the God-man appears, as in Christianity, in the condescension of God to the human form. There is no doubt these notions were well known in Alexandria in the time of Jesus. But the Christian idea cannot be explained from this source, for the *true unity* of the divine and human natures nowhere appears, therefore the redemption of men by the Eastern religion is but momentary. The incarnate Deity does not draw men to him. Besides, the Dualism of this system destroys its value and influence. It ends at last in a sort of Quietism and Pantheism, which denies the existence of the world.

The Greek religion is the opposite of this. It deifies man, instead of humanizing God. It admitted Polytheism, though a belief in Fate still lingered there, as the last relic of primitive Pantheism. It does not develop the ethical idea, but confounds it with physical causes. It begins in part the

* The influence of heathenism on the opinions of the primitive Christians has never yet, it would seem, had justice done it by writers of ecclesiastical history. We see traces of it in the apocryphal Gospels and Epistles, some of which are perhaps as ancient as the canonical writings. In our view, the Divinity of Christ, and its numerous correlative doctrines come from this source.

† This we think true of neither, except while the religion was in its weak and incipient stages. In the Greek Religion there are three stages, the Saturnian, Olympian, and Dionysian. Only the first is a worship of nature.

opposite way from the Indian, but comes to the same conclusion at last, a denial of all but God, "the one divine substance before which all the finite is an illusion."* Besides, our author finds the moral element is wanting in the Greek religion. In this conclusion, however, we think him too hasty; certainly the moral element has its proper place in such writers as Æschylus, Pindar, and Plato. It would be difficult to find an author in ancient or modern times, in whom justice is more amply done to the moral sense, than in the latter.

However, Dr. Dorner thinks Parsism is an exception to the general rule of ancient religions. Here the moral element occurs in so perfect a form, that some will not reckon it with the heathen religions. But this has not got above the adoration of Nature, which defiles all the other heathen forms of religion. Besides, the Dualism, which runs through all the oriental systems, allows no true union of the Divine and Human. Accordingly the Parsee Christians always had a strong tendency to Manichæism, and ran it out into the notions of the Docetæ, and then found that in Jesus there was no union of the two natures. According to Parsism the Divine can never coalesce with the Human; for the Infinite Being, who is the cause of both Ormusd and Ahriman, remains always immovable and at perfect rest. It, however, admits a sort of Arian notion of a mediator between him and us, and has a poor sort of a God-man in the person of Sosioch, though some conjecture this is a more modern notion they have taken from the Jews. Thus it appears the central idea of Christianity could have proceeded from no heathen religion.

Could it come from the Hebrew system? Quite as little.† Of all the ancient religions, the Hebrew alone separates God from the world, says our mistaken author, and recognises the distinct personality of both God and man. This solves the difficulty of heathenism. It dwells on the moral

* This wholesale way of disposing of centuries of philosophical inquiry is quite as unsafe, as it were to take the middle-age philosophers, the Mystics, the Sensualists of England and France, with the Transcendentalists of Germany, as the natural results and legitimate issue of the Christian Religion.

† See the attempt of Mr. Hennell, (*Inquiry into the Divine Origin of Christianity*. London. 1839. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 8-23,) to derive some of the Christian ideas from the Essenes.

union of man and God, and would have it go on and become perfect, and, in the end, God write the law in the heart, as in the beginning He wrote it on tables of stone.* But in avoiding the adoration of Nature, the Jews took such a view of the Deity, that it seemed impossible to them that he should incarnate himself in man. All the revelations of God in the Old Testament are not the remotest approach to an incarnation like that in Jesus. They made a great chasm between God and man, which they attempted to fill up with angels and the like.† The descriptions of Wisdom in Proverbs, the Apocrypha, and Philo, are not at all like the Christian incarnation. The Alexandrian Jews assimilated to the Greek system, and adopted the Platonic view of the Logos, while the Palestine Jews, instead of making their idea of the Messiah more lofty and pure, and rendering it more intense, only gave it a more extensive range, and thought of a political deliverer. Thus it appears the idea of a God-man could not come from any of these sources, nor yet from any contemporary philosophy or religion. It must therefore be original with Christianity itself. It was impossible for a heathen or Hebrew to say in the Christian sense, that a man was God, or the son of God. But all former religions were only a *præparatio evangelica* in the highest sense. This fact shows that Christianity expresses what all religions sought to utter, and combines in itself the truths of heathenism and Judaism.

“Judaism was great through the idea of the absolute, personal God; the greatest excellence of heathenism is the idea of the most intimate nearness and residence of a divine life in a free human form. But the idea of the personal existence of God in Christ was both of them united together into a higher unity. According to the heathen way of considering the matter, the divine, alone absolute and impersonal Being, who soars above the gods,—if it is possible for him to reveal himself,—

* If we understand the Hebrew Scriptures and St. Paul, they both teach that He *did* write the law in the heart in the beginning, else the law of stone were worthless.

† Here also the author fails to notice the striking fact of the regular progress of the theophanies of the Old Testament. 1. God appears himself, in human form, and speaks and eats with man. 2. It is an angel of God who appears. 3. He speaks only in visions, thoughts, and the like, and his appearance is entirely subjective. We see the same progress in all primitive religious nations.

must have first in Christ come to a personal consciousness, for himself, which he had not before ; but this would be the generation of a personal God, through the form of human life, and therefore a human act. Judaism had for its foundation not an obscure, impersonal being, a merely empty substance, but a subject, a personality. But to such as admitted its forms of Monotheism, the incarnation of God seemed blasphemy. But Christianity is the truth of both systems. In the personality of Christ, it sees as well a man who is God, as a God who is man. With the one it sees in Jesus, as well the truth of the Hellenic Apotheosis of human nature, as with the other it sees the complete condescension of God, which is the fundamental idea in the East. But it required long and various warfare, before the Christian principle went through the Greek and Jewish principle, and presented to the understanding its true form. We shall see that even now its work is not completed." * — pp. 33, 34.

He next turns to consider the historical development of this central idea, which Jesus brought to light in word and life. This remained always *enveloped* in the Church, but it was not *developed*, except gradually, and part by part. Then he proceeds on the clever hypothesis, that all moral and religious truth was *potentially involved* in the early teachers, though not professed consciously, and *actually evolved* by them ; a maxim which may be applied equally to all philosophers, of all schools, for every man *involves* all truth, though only here and there a wise man *evolves* a little thereof. Now the Church did not state all this doctrine in good set speech, yet it knew intuitively how to separate false from true doctrine, not as an individual good man separates wrong from right, by means of conscience. This is rather more true of the Church, than it is of particular teachers, who have not been inventors of truth, but only mouths which uttered the truth possessed by the Church.† However, amid conflicting opinions, where he gets but intimations of the idea of a God-man, and amid many doctrines taught consciously, he finds this tendency to glorify Christ, even to deify him, which he regards as a proof that the great central idea lay there. This also we

* We have given a pretty free version of portions of this extract, and are not quite certain that in all cases we have taken the author's meaning.

† But these mouths of the Church seem smitten with the old spirit of Babel, for their "language was confounded, and they did not understand one another's speech," nor always *their own*, we fancy.

take to be a very great mistake, and think the tendency to deify persons arose from several causes; such as the popular despair of man. The outward aspect of the world allows us to form but a low opinion of man; the retrospect is still worse. Besides some distrusted the inspiration which God gives man on condition of holiness and purity. Therefore, when any one rose up and far transcended the achievements and expectations of mere vulgar souls, they said he is not a man, but a god, at least the son of a god; human nature is not capable of so much. Hence all the heroes of times pretty ancient are either gods or the descendants of gods, or at least *miraculously* inspired to do their particular works. Then the polytheistic notions of the new converts to Christianity favored this popular despair by referring the most shining examples of goodness and wisdom to the gods. Hence, for those who had believed that Hercules, Bacchus, and Devanisi were men, and became gods by the special grace of the Supreme, it was easy to elevate Jesus, and give him power over their former divinities, or even expel them, if this course were necessary. Now there are but two scales to this balance, and what was added to the divinity of Jesus was taken from his humanity, and so the power of man underrated. Hence we always find, that as a party assigns Jesus a divine, extra-human, or miraculous character, on the one hand, just so far it degrades man on the other, and takes low views of human nature. The total depravity of man and the total divinity of Jesus come out of the same logical root. To examine the history of the world, by striking the words and life of Jesus out of the series of natural and perfectly human actions, and then deciding as if such actions had never been, seems to us quite as absurd as it would be, in giving a description of Switzerland, to strike out the Alps, and the lakes, and then say the country was level and dull, monotonous and dry. To us, the popular notions of the character of Jesus "have taken away our Lord, and we know not *where* they have laid him." To our apprehension, Jesus was much greater than the evangelists represent him. We would not measure him by the conceptions formed by Jewish or heathen converts, but by the long stream of light he shed on the first three centuries after his death, and through them on all time since.

But to return to our task. Dr. Dorner admits this idea does not appear in the earliest Christian writings, which we think is quite as inexplicable, taking his stand-point, as it would be if Columbus, after the discovery of the new continent, had founded a school of geographers, and no one of his pupils had ever set down America in his map of the world, or alluded to it, except by implication. But as Christianity went on developing, it took some extra-christian ideas from the other religions. Thus from Judaism it took the notion of a *primitive man*, and a *primitive prophet*; from heathenism, the *doctrine of the Logos*. These two rival elements balanced each other, and gave a universal development to the new principle. Thus while Christianity attacked its foes, it built up its own dogmatics, not unlike the contemporaries of Ezra, who held the sword in one hand, and the trowel in the other. He finds three periods in the history of Christology. I. That of the establishment of the doctrine, that there were two essential elements in Jesus, the Divine and Human. II. Period of the one-sided elevation of either the one or the other; this has two epochs. 1. From the Council of Nice to the Reformation; period of the divine side. 2. From the Reformation to Kant; period of the human side. III. Period of the attempt to show both in him, and how they unite. We must pass very hastily over the rest of the work; for after we have thus minutely described his stand-point and some of his general views, and have shown his method, the student of history will see what his opinions must be of the great teachers in the Church, whose doctrines are well known.

To make the new doctrines of Christianity intelligible, the first thing was to get an adequate expression, in theological dogmas, of the nature of Christ. On this question the Christian world divides into two great parties; one follows a Hebrew, the other a Greek tendency; one taking the human, the other the divine side of Christ. Hence come two independent Christologies, the one without the divine, the other without the human nature in Jesus. These are the Ebionites and the Docetæ. "Docetism, considered in antithesis with Ebionitism, is a very powerful witness of the deep and wonderful impression of its divinity, which the new principle had made on mankind at its appearance;

an impression which is by no means fully described by all that Ebionitism could say of a new, and holy prophet that had risen up. On the other hand, Ebionitism itself, in its lack of ideal tendency, is a powerful evidence on the historical side of Christianity, by its rigid adhesion to the human appearance of Christ, which the other denied." — p. 36. Strange as it may seem, these two antithetic systems ran into one another, and had both of them this common ground, that God and man could not be joined; for while the Ebionites said Jesus was a *mere man*, the Christ remained a pure ideal not connected with the body, a redemption was effected by God, and Jesus was the symbol; while the Docetæ, denying the *body* of Jesus had any objective reality, likewise left the Christ a pure ideal, never incarnated. "Both were alike unsatisfactory to the Christian mind. Both left alike unsatisfied the necessity of finding in Christ the union of the human and divine; therefore this objection may be made to both of them, which, from the nature of things, is the most significant, namely, that man is not redeemed by them, for God has not taken the human nature upon himself, and sanctified it by thus assuming it. The Church, guided rather by an internal tact and necessity, than by any perfect insight, could sketch no comprehensible figure of Christ in definite lines. But by these two extreme doctrines it was advanced so far, that it became clearly conscious of the necessity, in general, of conceiving of the Redeemer as divine and human at the same time." — p. 39.

Various elements of this doctrine were expressed by the various teachers, in the early ages. Thus, on the divine side it was taught, first, by the Pseudo Clement, Paul of Samosata, and Sabellius, that a *higher power* dwelt in Christ; next by Hippolytus, that it was not merely a higher power, but a *hypostasis* that dwelt in Christ. Tertullian, Clement, and Dionysius of Alexandria, with Origen, considered this *subordinate* to the Father, though the latter regarded it as *eternally begotten*. The next step was to consider this hypostasis not merely subordinate, but eternal; nor this only, but of the *same essence* with the Father. This was developed in the controversy between Dionysius of Rome and of Alexandria, between Athanasius and Arius. At the same time the human side also was devel-

oped. Clement and Origen maintained, in opposition to the Gnostics, that Christ had an 'actual human body. Then Apollinaris taught that Christ had a human *soul* (*ψυχή*), but the Logos supplied the place of a human *mind* (*νοῦς*). But in opposition to him, Gregory of Nazianzen taught that he had a human mind also. Thus the elements of the Christ are "speculatively constructed" on the human and divine side; but still all their elements were not united into a human personal character,—for the human nature of Christ was still regarded as impersonal. But attempts were made also to unite these parts together, and construct a whole person. This, however, led rather to a mixture than an organic and consistent union; therefore the separateness and distinctness of the two natures also required to be set forth. This was done very clearly. The Council of Nice declared he was *perfect God*; that of Chalcedon, that he was *perfect man* also, but did not determine how the two natures were reconciled in the same character. "The distinctive character of these two natures"—we quote the words of Leo the Great—"was not taken away by the union, but rather the peculiarity of each nature is kept distinct, and runs together with the other, into one *Prosopon* and one *Hypostasis*."* Next

* We give the Greek words *Prosopon* and *Hypostasis*, and not the common terms derived from the Latin. The subtleties of this doctrine can only be expressed in the Greek tongue. A Latin Christian could believe in three *personæ* and one *substantia*, for he had no better terms, while the Greek Christian reckoned this heretical if not atheistical, as he believed in *one essence and three substances*. But to say *three persons*, —*τρία ἡποσωῆα*—in the Godhead, was heresy in Greece, as to say *three substances*, (*tres substantiæ*,) was heresy at Rome. Well says Augustine, apologizing for the Latin language, "dictum est tres personæ, non ut illud diceretur, sed ut non taceretur."—*De Trinitate*, lib. v. c. 9

St. Augustine has some thoughts on this head, which may surprise some of his followers at this day. "And we recognize in ourselves an image of God, that is of the Supreme Trinity, not indeed equal, nay, far and widely different; not coeternal, and (to express the whole more briefly,) not of the same substance with God; yet that, than which of all things made by Him none in nature is nearer to God; which image is yet to be perfected by re-formation, that it may be nearest in likeness also. For we both are to know that we are to love to be this and to know it. In these then, moreover, no falsehood resembling truth perplexes us."—*Civ. Dei*. Lib. xi. c. 26, as translated in *Pusey's* ed. of Augustine's Confessions. London: 1840. 1 vol. 8vo. p. 283, note.

The late Dr. Emmons seems aware of the imperfection of language, and its inability to express the idea of a Trinity. "Indeed there is no word, in any language, which can convey a precise idea of this incom-

follow the attempts to construct one person out of these two natures. Some said there was one Will, others two Wills, in the person of Christ. This was the quarrel of the Monothelites and the Dyothelites. Others said the union was effected by the loss of the attributes of the Human, or Divine being; some supposing the one passed into and so became the other, or that both coalesced in a *tertium quid*, a *Συμβεβηκός φύσις*. But it became orthodox to affirm that each retained all its peculiar attributes, and so the two were united. Now this doctrine may seem very wise, because it is very puzzling; but the same words may be applied to other things. We have very little skill in showing up absurdities, but can apply all this language to very different matters, and it shall sound quite as well as before. Thus we may take a Circle instead of the Father, and a Triangle for the Son, and say the two natures were found in one, the circle became a triangle, and yet lost none of its circularity, while the triangle became a circle yet lost none of its triangularity. The union of the two was perfect, the distinctive character of each being preserved. They corresponded point for point, area for area, centre for centre, circumference for circumference, yet was one still a circle, the other a triangle. But both made up the circle-triangle. The one was not inscribed, nor the other circumscribed. We would by no means deny the great fact, which we think lies at the bottom of this notion of the trinity, a fact, however, which it seems to conceal as often as to express in our times, that the Deity diffuses and therefore incarnates himself more or less perfectly in human beings, and especially in Jesus, the climax of human beings, through whom "proceed" the divine influences, which also "proceed" from the Father. Hence the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. This truth, we think, is expressed in all religions; in the incarnations of Vishnu; the Polytheistic notions of the Greeks; the angels, archangels, and seraphs that make up the Amshaspand of the Persians, which Daniel seems to imitate, and the author of the Apocalypse to have in his eye.

prehensible distinction; for it is not similar to any other distinction in the minds of men, so that it is very immaterial whether we use the name person, or any other name, or a circumlocution instead of a name, in discoursing upon this subject." — Sermon iv. p. 87. Wrentham: 1800.

But to return. These points fixed, the Catholic church dwelt chiefly on the Divine in Christ, and continued to do so till the Reformation, while the human side was represented by heretics and mystics, whom here we have not space to name.

We now pass over some centuries, in which there was little life and much death in the Church;—times when the rays of religious light, as they came through the darkness, fell chiefly, it seems, on men whom the light rendered suspicious to the Church,—and come down to times after the Reformation. After the great battles had been fought through, and the Council of Trent held its sessions, and the disturbances, incident to all great stirrings of thought, had passed over, and the oriental and one-sided view of Christ's nature had been combatted, the human side of it comes out once more, into its due prominence. "By the long, one-sided contemplation of the Divine in Christ, his person came to stand as somewhat absolutely supernatural, as the other side of and beyond human nature; something perfectly inaccessible to the subjective thought, while it is the greatest thing in Christianity to recognise our brother in him." With the Reformation there had come a subjective tendency, which laid small stress on the old notions of Christ, in which the objective divine nature had overlaid and crushed the subjective and human nature in him. This new subjective tendency is a distinctive feature of the Reformation. It shows itself in the doctrine of Justification by Faith, and quite as powerfully in the altered form of Christology. But here, too, we must tread with rapid feet, and rest on only two of the numerous systems of this period, one from the Reformers themselves, the other from a Theosophist. The human nature is capable of divinity, (*humana natura divinitatis capax*) said the early Protestants; what Christ has first done, all may do afterwards. Well said Martin Luther, strange as it may seem to modern Protestants who learn ecclesiastical history from the "Library of Useful Knowledge," "Lo, Christ takes our birth (that is, the sinfulness of human nature,) from us unto himself, and sinks it in his birth, and gives us his, that we thereby may become pure and new, as if it were our own, so that every Christian may enjoy this birth of Christ not less than if he also, like Jesus, were born bodily of the

Virgin Mary. Whoso disbelieves or doubts this, the same is no Christian." Again. "This is the meaning of Esaias, To us a child is born, to us a son is given. To us, to us, to us is he born, and to us given. Therefore look to it, that thou not only gettest out of the Evangel a fondness for the history itself, but that thou makest this birth thine own, and exchangest with him, becomest free from thy birth, and passest over to his,—then thou indeed shalt sit in the lap of the Virgin Mary, and art her dear child." This thought lay at the back-ground of the Reformation, which itself was but an imperfect exhibition of that great principle. He, that will look, traces the action of this same principle in that great revival of Religion, five centuries before Christ, in the numerous mystical sects from the first century to the reformation, in such writers as Ruysbröck, Harphius, Meister, Eckhart, Suso, Tauler, the St. Victors, and many others. Perhaps it appears best in that little book, *once* well known in England under the title *Theologia Germana*, and now studied in Germany and called *Deutsche Theologie*; a book of which Luther says, in the preface to his edition of it, in 1520, "Next to the Bible and St. Augustine, I have never met with a book, from which I have learnt more what God, Christ, man, and all things are. Read this little book who will, and then say, whether our theology is old or new; for this little book is not new."

We give a few words from it, relating to the incarnation of God, for the private ear of such as think all is *new* which they never heard of before, and all naughty things exist only in German. It says, man comes to a state of union with God, "when he feels and loves no longer this or that, or his own self, but only the eternal good, so likewise God loves not himself as himself, but as the eternal good, and if there were somewhat better than God, the God would love that. The same takes place in a divine man, or one united with God, else he is not united with him. This state existed in Christ in all its perfection, else he would not be the Christ. If it were possible that a man should be perfect and entire, in true obedience be as the human nature of Christ was, that man would be one with Christ, and would be by grace, what he was by nature. Man in this state of obedience would be one with God,

for he would be not himself, but God's Own (Eigen) and God himself would then alone become man. Christ is to you not merely the Objective, isolated in his sublimity, but we are all called to this, that God should become man in us. He that believes in Christ believes that his (Christ's) life is the noblest and best of all lives, and so far as the life of Christ is man, so far also is Christ in him." In this book, — and its ideas are as old in this shape, as the time of Dionysius the Areopagite, — the historical Christ is only the primitive type, the divine idea of man, who appears only as a model for us, and we may be all that he was, and we are Christians only in so far as we attain this. It is only on this hypothesis, we take it, there can be a Christology which does not abridge the nature of man.* This same idea, — that all men are capable of just the same kind and degree of union with God, which Jesus attained to, — runs through all the following Christologies. It appears in a modified form in Osiander and Schwenkfeld, whom we shall only name.† But they all place the historical below the internal Christ which is formed in the heart, and here commences what Dr. Dorner calls the degeneracy of the principle of the Reformers, though the antithesis between nature and grace was still acknowledged by the Protestants. But as our author thinks, the subjective view received a one-sided development, especially in Servetus and the Socinians, who differ, however, in this at least, that while the former, in his pantheistic way, allows Christ to be, in part, uncreated (*res increata*) the lat-

* Dr. Baur, a very able Trinitarian writer and Professor at Tübingen, sums up the various Christological theories in this way. Reconciliation must be regarded, either, (1) as a necessary process in the development of the Deity himself, as he realizes the idea of his being, or (2) as an analogous and necessary process in the development of man, as he becomes reconciled with himself, the one is wholly objective, the other wholly subjective, or (3) as the mediation of a *tertium quid*, which holds the human and divine natures both, so involves both the above. In this case reconciliation rests entirely on the historical fact, which must be regarded as the necessary condition of reconciliation between God and man, of course he, who takes this latter view, considers Jesus as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. See his *Die Christliche Lehre von der Versöhnung in ihrer geschichtliche Entwicklung*, &c. Tüb. 1838.

† See Osiander's *Confessio de unico Mediatore J. C. et Justificatione fidei*, 1551. His *Epistola in qua confutatur*, etc., 1549. See also Schwenkfeld *quæstiones von Erkenntnis J. C. und seiner Glorien*, 1561, *von der Speyse des elvigon Lebens*, 1547. Schwenkfeld's Christology agrees closely in many respects, with that of Swedenborg.

ter considers him certainly a created being, to whom God had imparted the divine attributes.

We pass over Theophrastus and Paracelsus, and give a few extracts from Valentine Weigel's "*Göldene Griff*." With him, man is an epitome of the whole world, — a favorite notion with many mystics, — all his knowledge is self-knowledge. "The eye, by which all things are seen, is man himself, but only in reference to natural knowledge, for in supernatural knowledge man himself is not the eye, but God himself is both the light and the eye in us. Our eye therefore must be passive, and not active. Yet God is not foreign to men in whom he is the eye, but that passive relation of man to him has this significance, that man is the yielding instrument by which God becomes the seeing eye." This Light in us, or the Word, is for him the true Christ, and the historical God-man disappears entirely in the back-ground. The book whence all wisdom comes is God's Word, a book written by the finger of God in the heart of all men, though all cannot read it. Out of this are all books written. This book of life, to which the Sacred Scriptures are an external testimony, is the likeness of God in man, the Seed of God; the Light; the Word; the Son; Christ. This book lies concealed in the heart; concealed in the flesh; concealed in the letter of Scriptures. But if it were not in the heart, it could not be found in the flesh and the Scripture. If this were not preached within us, if it were not always within us, — though in unbelief, — we could have nothing of it. A doctrine common enough with the fathers of the first three or four centuries. If we had remained in Paradise, we should never have needed the outward Word of Scripture, or the historical incarnation of Jesus.* But expelled from Paradise, and fallen through sin, it is needful that we be born again of Christ, for we have lost the holy Flesh and the Holy Ghost, and must recover both from Christ. Be-

* Quaint George Herbert has a similar thought. We quote from memory.

"For sure when Adam did not know
To sin, or sin to smother,
He might to Heaven from Paradise go,
As from one room to another."

cause we cannot read this inner book, God will alter our spirit by Scriptures and Sermons. All books are only for *fallen* men. Christ was necessary to the race, as the steel to the stone, but his office is merely that of a Prophet and Preacher of Righteousness, for God was incarnate in Abel, Noah, Adam, and Abraham, as well as in Jesus, "and the Lord from Heaven" exists potentially in all men; the external Christ, who was born of Mary, is an expressive and visible model of the internal Christ. In a word, he makes Christ the universal divine spirit, shed down into man, though it lies buried and immovable in most men. But whenever it comes to consciousness, and is lived out, there is an incarnation of God.

These views were shared by many teachers, who modify them more or less, of whom we need mention but a few of the more prominent. Poiret, Henry More, Bishops Fowler and Gastrell, Robert Fleming, Hussey, Bennet, and Thomas Burnet, Goodwin, and Isaac Watts.*

This mystical view appears in Jacob Böhme, and through him it passed on to Philosophy, for it is absurd to deny that this surprising man has exerted an influence in science as deep almost as in religion. German Philosophy seems to be the daughter of Mysticism.

But we must make a long leap from Valentine Weigel to Immanuel Kant, who has had an influence on Christology that will never pass away. It came as a thunder-bolt out of the sky, to strike down the phantoms of doubt, and scatter the clouds of skepticism. Kant admits that in practice, and the actual life of man, the moral law is subordinate to sensuality; this subordination he calls *radical evil*. Then to perfect mankind, we need a *radical restoration*, to restore the principles to their true order from which they have been inverted; this restoration is possible on three conditions. 1. By the idea of a race of men that is well pleasing to God, in which each man would feel his natural destination and perfectibility. It is the duty of each to rise to this, believe it attainable, and trust its pow-

* See, who will, his three discourses "on the Glory of Christ as God-man," (Lond. 1746,) and Goodwin's book to which he refers, "Knowledge of God the Father and his Son J. C." See also the writings of Edward Irving, Cudworth's Sermon before the House of Parliament, in the American ed. of his works. Vol. ii. p. 549, seq.

er. This state may not be attained empirically, but by embracing the principle well pleasing to God, and all the faults in manifesting this principle vanish, when the whole course is looked at. We should not be disturbed by fear lest the new moral disposition be transient, for the form of goodness increases with the exercise of it. The past sins are expiated only by suffering, or diminution of well-being in the next stage of progress. 2. The foundation of a *moral commonwealth*,* without this there will be confusion. This is possible only on condition that it is religious also. Thus this commonwealth is, at the same time, a church, though only an ideal one; for it can rest on nothing external, but only on the "unconditional authority of Reason, which contains in itself the moral idea." 3. This ideal Church, to become real, must take a *statutory form*, for it is an universal tendency of man to demand a sensual confirmation of the truth of Reason, and this renders it necessary to take some outward means of introducing the true rational religion, since without the hypothesis of a revelation, man would have no confidence in Reason, though it disclosed the same truths with Revelation, because it is so difficult to convince men that pure morality is the only service of God, while they seek to make it easier by some superstitious service (Afterdienst.)

On these notions the following Christology is naturally constructed. Man needs no outward aid for the purpose of reconciliation, sanctification, or happiness; but the belief in an outward revelation is needed for the basis of the moral commonwealth. Christianity can allow this, as it has a pure moral spirit. Here everything turns on the person of its founder. He demands perfect virtue, and would found a kingdom of God on the earth. It is indifferent to practical religion, whether or not we are certain of his historical existence, for historical existence adds no authority. The historical is necessary only to give us an idea of a man well pleasing to God, which we can only understand by seeing it realized in a man, who preserves his morality under the most difficult circumstances. To get a concrete

* It is a saying of Pagan Plato in the *Timæus*, "We shall never have perfect men, until we can surround them with perfect circumstances," an idea the English Socialists are attempting to carry out in a very one-sided manner.

knowledge of supersensual qualities, such as the idea of the good, moral actions must be presented to us performed in a human manner. This is only needed to awaken and purify moral emotions that live in us. The historical appearance of a man without sin is possible; but it is not necessary to consider he is born supernaturally, even if the impossibility of the latter is not absolutely demonstrable. But since the archetype of a man well pleasing to God lies in us in an incomprehensible manner, what need have we of farther incomprehensibilities, since the exaltation of such a saint above all the imperfections of human nature would only offer an objection to his being a model for us, — since it gives him not an achieved but an innate virtue, — for it would make the distance between him and us so great, that we should find in him no proof that we could ever attain that ideal. Even if the great teacher does not completely correspond to the idea, he may yet speak of himself, as if the ideal of the good was bodily and truly represented in him, for he could speak of what his maxims would make him. He must derive his whole strength from reason. The value of his revelation consists only in leading to a conscious, voluntary morality, in the way of authority. When this is done the statutory scaffolding may fall. The time must come, when religion shall be freed from all statutes, which rest only on history, and pure Reason at last reign, and God be all in all. Wise men must see that belief in the Son of God is only belief in man himself; that the human race, so far as it is moral, is the well pleasing Son of God. This idea of a perfect man does not proceed from us, but from God, so we say that HE has condescended and taken human nature upon himself. The Christ without and the Christ within us are not two principles, but the same. But if we make a belief in the historical manifestation of this idea of humanity in Christ the necessary condition of salvation, then we have two principles, an empiric and a rational one. The true God-man is the archetype that lies in our reason, to which the historical manifestation conforms.

This system has excellences and defects. By exalting the idea of moral goodness, Kant led men to acknowledge an absolute spiritual power, showing that this is the common ground between Philosophy and Christianity, and

with this begins the reconciliation of the two.* He recognised the Divine as something dwelling in man, and therefore filled up the chasm, as it were, between the two natures. Again, he acknowledged no authority, so long as it was merely outward and not legitimated in the soul, for he had felt the slavery incident upon making the historical a dogma. He saw the mind cannot be bound by anything merely external, that has value only so far as it contains the idea and makes it historical. But, on the other hand, he exalts the subjective too high, and does not legitimate the internal moral law, which Dr. Dorner thinks requires legitimating, as much as the historical manifestation. His foundation therefore is unstable until this is done. Besides he is not consistent with himself; for while he ascribes absolute power to this innate ideal of a perfect man, he leaves nothing for the historical appearance of the God-man. He makes his statutory form useless, if not injurious, and makes a dualistic antithesis between Reason and God. Still more is it inconsistent with Christianity, for it makes morality the whole of religion, it cuts off all connexion between the divine and human life, denying that influence comes down from God upon man. He makes each man his own redeemer, and allows no maturity of excellence, but only a growth towards it. In respect to the past, present, and future, it leaves men no comfort in their extremest need.

We pass next to the Christology of Schelling, leaping over such thinkers as Röhr, Wegscheider, De Wette, Hase, Hamann, Oetinger, Franz Baader, Novalis, Jacobi, and Fichte.

The Divine unity is always actualizing itself; the One is constantly passing into the many; or in plain English, God is eternally creative. God necessarily reveals himself in the finite; to be comprehensible to us, He must take the limitations of finite existence. But since He cannot be represented in any finite form, the divine life is portrayed in a variety of individuals; in a copious history, each portion whereof is a revelation of a particular side of the divine life. God therefore appears in historical life as the finite, which is the

* Leibnitz made the attempt to effect the same thing, but in a manner more mechanical and unsatisfactory.

necessary form of the revelation of Him. The finite is God in his development, or the Son of God. All history, therefore, has a higher sense. The human does not exclude the divine. Thus the idea of the incarnation of God is a principle of philosophy; and since this is the essence of Christianity, philosophy is reconciled with it. Nature herself points forward to the Son of God, and has in him its final cause. Now the theologians consider Christ as a single person; but, as an eternal idea alone can be made a dogma, so their Christology is untenable as a dogma. Now the incarnation of God is from eternity. Christ is an eternal idea. The divinity of Christianity cannot be proved in an empirical way, but only by contemplating the whole of history as a divine act. The sacred history must be to us only a subjective symbol, not an objective one, as such things were to the Greeks, who thereby became subordinate to the finite, and refused to see the infinite, except in that form. But as Christianity goes immediately to the infinite, so the finite becomes only an allegory of the infinite. The fundamental idea of Christianity is eternal and universal, therefore it cannot be constructed historically without the religious construction of history. This idea existed before Christianity, and is a proof of its necessity. Its existence is a prediction of Christianity in a distant foreign country. The man Christ is the climax of this incarnation, and also the beginning of it; for all his followers are to be incarnations of God, members of the same body to which he is the head. God first becomes truly objective in him, for before him none has revealed the infinite in such a manner. The old world is the *natural* side of history. A new era, in which the infinite world preponderates, could only be brought by the truly infinite coming into the finite, not to deify it, but to sacrifice it to God, and thereby effect a reconciliation; that is, by his death he showed that the Finite is nothing; but the true existence, and life is only in the Infinite. The eternal Son of God is the human race; created out of the substance of the Father of all; appearing as a suffering divinity, exposed to the horrors of time, reaching its highest point in Christ; it closes the world of the finite and discloses that of the infinite, as the sign of the spirit. With this conclusion, the mythological veils in which Christ, as the only God-man, has been arrayed, must fall off. The

ever living spirit will clothe Christianity in new and permanent forms. Speculation, not limited by the past, but comprehending distinction, as it stretches far on into time, has prepared for the regeneration of esoteric Christianity, and the proclamation of the absolute gospel. Viewed in this light, Christianity is not regarded merely as *doctrine* or *history*, but as a *progressive divine act*; the history of Christ is not merely an empirical and single, but an eternal history. At the same time it finds its anti-type in the human race. Christianity, therefore, is not merely one religious constitution among others, but THE RELIGION; the true mode of spiritual existence; the soul of history, which is incorporated in the human race, to organize it into one vast body, whose head is Christ. Thus he would make us all brothers of Christ, and show that the incarnation of God still goes on to infinity, in the birth of the Son of God, until the divine life takes to itself the whole human race; sanctifies and penetrates all through it, and recognises it as his body, of which Christ is the head; as his temple, of which Christ is the corner-stone. We shall not dwell upon the excellence of this view, nor point out its defects. The few, who understand the mystical words of St. John, and the many, who do not understand them, can do this for themselves.

Our remarks are already so far extended, that we must omit the Christology of Hegel, though this, however, we do with the less reluctance, as the last word of that system has but just reached us; it comes with the conclusion of Strauss's work on Dogmatics.* We regret to pass over the views of Schleiermacher, which have had so deep an influence in Germany, and among many of the more studious of our Trinitarian brethren in this country. To most of our own denomination only the Lemnian horrors of its faint echo have come. We give Dr. Dorner's conclusion in his own words. "Christology has now reached a field as full of anticipations, as it is of decisions. But the anxiety, which here takes possession of us, is a joyful one, and bears in itself the tranquil and certain conviction, that, after a long night, a beautiful dawn is nigh. A great course has been run

* Die Christliche Glaubenslehre, &c. Von Dr. D. F. Strauss. 2 vols. 8vo. 1840, 1841.

through, and the deep presentiments of the greatest minds of the primitive times of Christianity begin to find their scientific realization. After long toil of the human mind, the time has at last come, when a rich harvest is to be reaped from this dogma, while the union, already hastening, is effected between the essential elements of Christology, which seem the most hostile to each other. Previous Christologies have chiefly presented these elements in their separation and opposition to one another. Now, while we contemplate them together in their living unity, which verifies their distinction from one another, we see their historical confirmation and necessity, and now, as Æthiopia and Arabia, according to the prophet, were to present their homage to the Lord, so must the middle ages, with their scholasticism and modern philosophy, the whole of history, — as well of the ante-christian religions, as that of the Christian dogma, — assemble about the One, (the Son of Man,) that they may lay down their best gifts before him, who first enables them to understand themselves; while, on the other hand, he confers on them the dignity of his own glorification, and allows them to contribute to it, so that by their service, likewise, his character shall pass into the consciousness of the human race with an increasing brilliancy."

Now, if we ask what are the merits and defects of the work we have passed over, the answer is easy. It is a valuable history of Christology; as such, it is rich with instruction and suggestion. A special history of this matter was much needed. That this, in all historical respects, answers the demands of the time, we are not competent to decide. However, if it be imperfect as a history, it has yet great historical merits. Its chief defects are of another kind. Its main idea is this, that the *true Christ is perfect God and perfect man*, and that *Jesus of Nazareth is the true Christ*. Now he makes no attempt to prove either point; yet he was bound, in the first instance, as a *philosopher*, to *prove his proposition*; in the second, as an *historian*, to *verify his fact*. He attempts neither. He has shown neither the eternal necessity, nor the actual existence of a God-man. Nay, he admits that only two writers in the New Testament ever represent Jesus as the God-man. His admission is fatal to his fact. He gives us the history of a dogma of the church; but does not show it has any foundation to rest on.

We must apply to this book the words of Leibnitz, in his letter to Burnet on the manner of establishing the Christian religion.* “I have often remarked, as well in philosophy as theology, and even in medicine, jurisprudence, and history, that we have many good books and good thoughts scattered about here and there, but that we scarce ever come to *establishments*. I call it an *establishment*, when at least certain points are determined and fixed forever; when certain theses are put beyond dispute, and thus ground is gained where something may be built. It is properly the method of mathematicians, who separate the *certain from the uncertain, the known from the unknown*. In other departments it is rarely followed, because we love to flatter the ears by fine words, which make an agreeable mingling of the certain and the uncertain. But it is a very transient benefit that is thus conferred; like music and the opera, which leave scarce any trace in the mind, and give us nothing to repose on; so we are always turning round and round, treating the same questions, in the same way, which is problematic, and subject to a thousand exceptions. Somebody once led M. Casaubon the elder into a hall of the Sorbonne, and told him, The divines have disputed here for more than three hundred years! He answered, And what have they decided? It is exactly what happens to us in most of our studies.” . . . “I am confident that if we will but use the abilities wherewith God and nature have furnished us, we can remove many of the evils which now oppress mankind, can establish the truth of religion, and put an end to many controversies which divide men, and cause so much evil to the human race, if we are willing to think consecutively, and proceed as we ought. . . . I would proceed in this way, and distinguish propositions into two classes: 1. what could be *absolutely demonstrated* by a metaphysical necessity, and in an incontestable way: 2. what could be *demonstrated morally*; that is, in a way which gives what is called moral certainty, as we know there is a China and a Peru, though we have never seen them. . . . Theological truths and deductions therefrom are also of two kinds. The first rest on definitions, axioms, and

* Opp. ed. Dutens., vol. vi., p. 243, sqq.

theorems, derived from true philosophy and natural theology; the second rest in part on history and events, and in part on the interpretation of texts, on the genuineness and divinity of our sacred books, and even on ecclesiastical antiquity; in a word, on the sense of the texts." And again :* "We must demonstrate rigorously the truth of natural religion, that is, the existence of a Being supremely powerful and wise, and the immortality of the soul. These two points solidly fixed, there is but one step more to take, — to show, on the one hand, that God could never have left man without a true religion, and on the other, that no known religion can compare with the Christian. The necessity of embracing it is a consequence of these two plain truths. However, that the victory may be still more complete, and the mouth of impiety be shut forever, I cannot forbear hoping, that some man, skilled in history, the tongues, and philosophy, in a word, filled with all sorts of erudition, will exhibit all the harmony and beauty of the Christian religion, and scatter forever the countless objections which may be brought against its dogmas, its books, and its history." P.

HERZLIEBSTE.

My love for thee hath grown as grow the flowers,
Earthly at first, fast rooted in the earth,
Yet, with the promise of a better birth,
Putting forth shoots of newly wakened powers,
Tender green hopes, dreams which no God makes ours;
And then the stalk, fitted life's frosts to bear,
To brave the wildest tempest's wildest art,
The immovable resolution of the heart
Ready and armed a world of ills to dare;
And then the flower, fairest of things most fair,
The flower divine of love imperishable,
That seeth in thee the sum of things that are,
That hath no eye for aught mean or unstable,
But ever trustful, ever prayerful, feeleth
The mysteries the Holy Ghost revealeth.

* Epistola II. ad Spizelium. Opp. v. p. 344.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

NEW WORKS.

I.

The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, founded upon their History. By the Rev. WILLIAM WHEWELL, B. D., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, Vice-president of the Geological Society of London. London: 1840. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS work contains the *moral of the tale* that was told in the author's history of the inductive sciences. The author's aim is great and noble—to give the philosophy of inductive science; to inquire what that *organ* or intellectual method is, by which solid truth is to be extracted from the observation of nature." Of course the work must be *critical* in part, and *positive* in part. It contains "A criticism of the fallacies of the ultra-Lockian school." The author does not stop at great names, nor hesitate to dissent from Bacon, Cuvier, and even from Newton himself. He now and then adopts Kant's reasoning, but differs widely from him; and while he acknowledges his great obligations to Schelling, yet ventures to condemn some of his opinions. The book is designed, in some measure, to take the place of Bacon's *Novum Organon*. It is one of the boldest philosophical attempts of the present century. The author measures himself against the greatest of all the sons of science. Shall he stand or fall?

The work opens with a preface containing one hundred and thirteen aphorisms "respecting ideas," fifty-six "concerning science," and seventeen greater aphorisms, respecting the "language of science." The third aphorism, respecting ideas, will show the school of philosophy to which Professor Whewell belongs.

"The *Alphabet*, by means of which we interpret Phenomena, consists of the *Ideas* existing in our own minds; for these give to the phenomena that coherence and significance which is not an object of sense."

Again, Aphorisms vii. and viii. — "Ideas are not *transformed*, but *informed* Sensations, for without ideas sensations have no form."

"The Sensations are the *Objective*, the Ideas the *Subjective* part of every act of perception or knowledge."

And Aphorism iv. concerning science. — "Facts are the materials of Science, but all Facts involve Ideas. Since, in observing Facts, we cannot exclude Ideas, we must, for the purposes

of science, take care that the Ideas are clear, and rigorously applied."

Aphorism xxxiv. — "The process of Induction may be resolved into three steps; the *Selection of the Idea*, the *Construction of the Conception*, and the *Determination of the Magnitudes*."

These aphorisms occupy about a hundred valuable pages. The author then comes to the real work, the "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences." This is divided into two parts: I. of IDEAS; II. of KNOWLEDGE.

Part I. is distributed into ten books, treating of ideas in general; the philosophy of the pure sciences; that of the mechanical sciences; that of the secondary mechanical sciences; that of the mechanico-chemical sciences; the philosophy of morphology; that of the classificatory sciences; of biology; and of palætiology.

Part II. is divided into three books, which treat of the construction of science; of former opinions upon the nature of knowledge, and the means of seeking it; and of methods employed in the formation of science.

The above hasty sketch shows what a wide field the author enters upon and passes over. We hope in a subsequent number of this Journal to follow him into details, and examine his method; and trust soon to see an American reprint of the book, for at present its price confines it to few hands.

II.

On the Foundation of Morals: four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. WILLIAM WHEWELL, &c. 2d Edition. Cambridge and London, (no date.) 8vo. pp. xi. and 76.

These four Sermons — which are very respectable discourses, better suited to the pulpit than the press — are designed to recall men to the eternal foundation of our ideas of the good and true, and to the absolute, and therefore immutable Morality, which rests thereon. They are at war, in part, with the system of Paley, of whom he thus speaks in the preface, p. v. "The evils which arise from the countenance thus afforded to the principles of Paley's system, (namely, by making his Moral Philosophy the standard in the University,) are so great, as to make it desirable for us to withdraw our sanction from his doctrines without further delay, although I am not at present aware of any system of ethics constructed on a sounder basis, which I should recommend to the adoption of the University." He refers often to Butler, as the exponent of a system diametrically opposite to that of Paley, and refers chiefly to Butler's first three

Sermons on Human Nature; the fifth and sixth, on Compassion; the eighth and ninth, on Resentment; the eleventh and twelfth, on the Love of our Neighbor; and the thirteenth and fourteenth, on the Love of God, as expressing the sounder view of man's moral nature, and duties which result therefrom. The substance of the Sermons is this: God has written his law eternally on the constitution of man; conscience is man's power to read that law; duty is obedience to it. Of course it follows from such premises and their implications, that man may obey completely, and in that case, both in this world and the next, obtains the highest possible human welfare. But here the author's theology comes in, and mars the work in some measure, and he concludes as follows: "Conscience is His minister; the law of the heart is his writing; the demand for the obedience of thought and will is his word, and yet how small a part is this of that vast dispensation, by which the sting of death, which is sin, was plucked out, and the strength of sin, which is the law, [the law of *Moses*, however, not the law of *God*,] was tamed, and the victory was won for us; and the conqueror, 'having spoiled principalities and powers, made a show of them, triumphing openly,' and Death and Sin, and the law of *Moses*, and the law of *Nature*, [the law of *God* ?] all become only as figures belonging to the triumphal procession." This is eloquent and full of pious feeling, but it is *rhetoric*, not *philosophy*. The book well deserves reprinting with us, and carries the reader back to the times of the "Latitude men about Cambridge," when there were giants in that University, and "immutable morality" was taught by men, wont to

"out-watch the bear
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unsphere
The spirit of *Plato*;"

men who believed goodness and God were to be loved for their own sake.

III.

Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern. By JOHN LAURENCE VON MOSHEIM, D. D., Chancellor of the University of Göttingen. A new and literal translation from the original Latin, with copious additional notes, original and selected, by James Murdock, D.D.; edited, with additions, by Henry Soames, M.A., Rector of Stapleford Tawney, with Thoyden Mount, Essex. London: 1841. 4 vols. 8vo.

Here we have the able translation of Mosheim by our learned and laborious countryman, endorsed by an English scholar, *enriched* with new additions, and printed in the most elegant style of the times. We ought also to add, that Mr. Soames has dedi-

cated his offspring to "Sir Edward Bowyer Smyth, of Hill Hall, Essex, Baronet." Gentle reader, if thou knowest not Sir Edward, we will add for thy edification the remaining dedicatory words; — "Whose religious habits, anxiety for the spiritual welfare of all within his influence, due sense of obligation as an ecclesiastical patron, and patrician liberality, cast a lustre upon an ancient family, and display the value of an hereditary aristocracy, this volume," &c., &c.

After the valuable labors of Dr. Murdock, the reader might ask, What need of a new editor? The answer is plain. In a field so vast as that of ecclesiastical history, so filled with inquiring spirits, some new treasure is yearly brought to light; some old forgotten jewel or medal, rough with inscriptions, is now and then turned up by the trenchant spade of a scholar or antiquary. Accordingly, if a score of Dr. Murdocks had worked a score of years upon the volume, there would still be work for new editors. The history of local churches is never complete. Besides, the world daily grows older, and new towers and chapels are added to the church, or some turret topples over with slow decay, and falls to the ground. The separation of what is old, and the silent accretion of the new, always affords work for the historian.

Mr. Soames has aimed not only to supply the *desiderata*, incumbent upon him as editor, but also, as a gratuitous work, to correct the "*defects of orthography or expression*," in Dr. Murdock, and to appear "before the world as a clergyman beneficed in the Church of England, and he would be very sorry to act in any degree as if his convictions did not coincide with his interests." He has also added original matter relating to the history of the English church, "of itself sufficient to form an octavo volume of moderate size." "Thus unquestionably," says he, vol. i. p. xi., "the British Isles have at length, offered to their notice, an ecclesiastical history, comprehensive though not superficial, and arranged with special reference to their own use." Mr. Soames distinguishes his own "original matter" from the notes of his predecessor, by the mark [Ed.]. However, we are left in doubt where he corrected the *orthography or expression* of Dr. Murdock. But we should account him peculiarly well fitted for this task of correction, judging from some remarkable expressions of his own; such as "if men would stop when their leaders *mean them*," p. xx.; "after the Council of Trent *had sitten*," p. xxxii; "episcopalian protestants form *attached citizens* in America," p. xxxiv, &c., &c., &c.

Let us now see what the new editor has added to the labors of Mosheim, McClaine, and Murdock. 1. *A preface to each of the four volumes*. That of the first fills thirty-four pages, and shows

little historical learning or philosophical power on its writer's part. Some of the conclusions he draws from ecclesiastical history are sufficiently striking, however. He says that "Republican opinions did not originate among protestant bodies, adhering to the ancient system of ecclesiastical discipline. They arose among such as took divinity from the Calvinistic schools," &c. p. xxxiv. Again, "From modern ecclesiastical history may be learned the value of liturgies and other well guarded formularies." Ibid. He admits, that among those who eat the bread of the English church, there have always been some *inclined to theology of a Socinian cast*," to use his own felicitous expression; but "the discipline and formularies of the church quickly reduced such innovators to silence."

2. *Notes marked [Ed.]*. Dr. Murdock, with great labor, digested all the most valuable literature of more recent date than Mosheim, and subjoined it in his notes, which represented the state of most questions in ecclesiastical history at the time these notes were published. But since 1832, new works have appeared; various monographs have been written, illustrating particular points of the history of the church or its doctrine, and he would do no small service to the scholar, who should digest all the new contributions and add them to Mosheim's text. But this is what Mr. Soames never dreams of attempting. He is not familiar with the *sources* of ecclesiastical history, nor even with the *recent works* drawn from these sources, or containing them. The works to which he refers are Prideaux's *Connexions*; Burton's attempt to ascertain the chronology, &c.; Burton's *Bampton lectures*; his lectures on the ecclesiastical history, &c.; Waterland's works; Bishop Kaye's *Tertullian*; his *Justin Martyr*; Potter's discourse of church government, and similar "authorities." He shows no acquaintance with the recent contributions to ecclesiastical history, that have been written in Germany within the last ten years. He only once mentions such a work. *Bulla Reformationis Pauli Papæ tertii ad historiam Concil. Trid. Justinæ*, &c., illust. *H. N. Clausen*. Nauniæ, 1830. However, he now and then mentions the works of Ranke and Hürter, but makes little use of either. Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* was in his hands, but Gieseler's works he does not appear to know.

We give the following note, as a fair specimen of the *learning and discrimination* of Mr. Soames. "When Dr. Mosheim wrote, the world had not seen those elaborate works on pagan idolatry, which have since been produced by Bryant and Faber. Those scholars have laboriously and ingeniously traced heathen superstition to a common source, making it appear little else than the canonization of those eight ancestors of the modern

world, whom God mercifully saved in the ark. The Hindoo triad may, therefore, be taken as the three sons of Noah, called in the West, Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. Friga is evidently the same as Rhea. Let the pagan system, in every age and country, be considered as one, and its prevalence may easily be understood. It will stand forth as a corruption of the patriarchal religion, strictly analogous to the Romish corruption of Christianity." vol. i., pp. 16, 17. But a doctrine very different is taught in a note in the former page, where he follows Cudworth's opinion of the nature of Polytheism. Similar inconsistencies are not rare in his pages.

Some of his notes are childish, designed to guard against mistakes which none but babes could fall into. Thus, vol. ii., p. 160, Mosheim speaks of John of Damascus in the text, and regards him "as the *Thomas* and the *Lombard* of the Greeks," and we find appended thereto the following note: [Thomas Aquinas and Peter Lombard. Ed.] Sometimes, however, his corrections are valuable, though minute. He assures us Dr. Murdock was wrong in calling a certain author a bishop, who in fact was no bishop. Of course he takes his stand in a *partisan* pulpit, and judges all things exclusively from that "bad eminence," as if it were the absolute point of view. However, we have now and then found a valuable hint in his notes, relative to the history of the English church, and especially the biography of English writers. He cautions his readers against the prejudice both of Neal and his opponent, Bishop Madox; yet seems willing to excuse the violence of the latter.

3. *Several original chapters.* In vol. ii., pp. 67–72, he adds a brief chapter on the conversion of England: pp. 399–415, a longer chapter on the religious condition of the Anglo-Saxons. Neither gives indications of much research, as we should judge. There are many manuscript treasures in England, illustrating ecclesiastical affairs, which we hope some clerical scholar will disclose, ere long, to the public. Mr. Soames never goes beyond what is *printed*, and sees but little which is *print*.

In vol. iii., pp. 171–248, we have three original chapters on the Reformation in England and Scotland; and p. 427–549, three more on the church of England, Scotland, and Ireland. These chapters contain some matters of importance, perhaps, not previously known to the general readers of ecclesiastical history. He draws, however, from the most obvious sources.

In vol. iv., p. 277–315, is a valuable chapter on the church of England, in the 17th century. A second is added, pp. 402–462, a sketch of ecclesiastical affairs during the 18th century, relating chiefly to England; and a third chapter, pp. 463–508, on the "ecclesiastical history of the earlier years of the 19th century."

Both are hasty sketches. He has no conception of the theological problem, which the Christian church is busied with in this age.

4. *Several brief chronological tables*; one at the end of each volume, accompanied with notes; *Vater's tables of Ecclesiastical History*, &c., translated by Francis Cunningham; and *an alphabetical index* at the end of the work. The latter is not so full as Dr. Maclaine's, nor so complete as could be wished.

To sum up the merits and defects of Mr. Soames's edition, it must be said, that he seems to have made no thorough and scientific study of ecclesiastical history; that his notes are in general trifling and of no value, except, for the most part, to refer to the recent and meagre literature of the English church. We would, however, make a single exception. The history of transubstantiation he seems to have studied more thoroughly than any other department of his subject. In respect to the history of the church in England, Scotland, and Ireland, he has collected into a few pages of easy access, what we must otherwise seek for in several volumes. If he has not done all the duty of an editor, we will take thankfully what he gives. His sketch of the ecclesiastical history of the present century, though superficial, and in some respects scarcely accurate, is yet a convenient statement of some of the outward facts. We would only add, that Mr. Soames is likewise the author of "The Anglo-Saxon Church, its History, Revenues, and General Character;" of the Elizabethan religious History; and of a "Bampton Lecture," which we have never seen nor heard of, except through his own references, and the advertisements of booksellers.

IV.

German Anti-Supernaturalism. Six Lectures, on Strauss's "Life of Jesus," delivered at the Chapel in South Place, Finsbury. By Philip Harwood, &c. London. 1841. pp. viii. and 107.

Mr. Harwood's design, as he tells us in the preface, "is to stimulate inquiry into a subject, which he regards as of first-rate importance on historical and moral speculation. Here, then, we have a clergyman, yes, a Unitarian clergyman, favorably known by a few stirring and pious sermons, setting forth, and in great measure accepting, the results of Mr. Strauss! He gives a brief, but fair and able synopsis of the celebrated "Life of Jesus," and adds a few observations of his own. For our own part, we think Mr. Strauss is often mistaken; that he underestimates the historical element, and sometimes comes hastily to his conclusions, which, therefore, cannot be all maintained, though

long ago we believed he was doing a signal service to Christianity itself. Mr. Harwood, we think, accepts the conclusions of his author more entirely than reasonably, and like him is blinded by the myths, so that he does not always see the fact they cover and conceal.

The book may be regarded as the forerunner of a theological controversy, which, if once begun, will not be soon ended. It requires no divination to foresee the final result. It will lead thinking men to ask for the *facts* of the case, before they reason about the facts. But is it well judged to give the results of a book like Strauss's, without the process by which the results were reached? Some will reply, yes; others, no. But the same thing is done in science and history; why not in historical theology? Again, it will be asked, is it wise to bring the case at once before the people? Some men love an historical answer, and here it is. Greater questions have been brought quite as directly before the people. In the day of Moses, the theological problem was to separate religion and morality from the Fetichism and Polytheism of Canaanites and Egyptians. What was his method? He said unto the *people*, Hear, oh Israel, *the Lord your God is ONE LORD*. He left the bull, Apis, and the consecrated cats to take care of themselves.

In the time of Christ, when the problem was to separate religion and morality from the Mosaic ritual, that world-stirring Nazarene addresses himself to the people. He tells a *woman*, "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in *this mountain*, nor yet at *Jerusalem*, worship the Father; but the true worshippers shall worship him in spirit and in truth." Is not salvation for the sick? This question has long enough been known to scholars, perhaps *decided* by scholars. It is the *popular* theology that requires reformation; and how shall this be effected, but by appeal to the people? We apprehend no danger is to be feared, at least no danger to religion and morality, nor to Christianity. When the work is tried by fire, why should not the "wood, hay, and stubble" be burned up, that the precious stones may appear, and the *foundation that is laid* be discerned, that men may build thereon the temple that abideth ever? The old never passes away, till all the good of the thing gets transferred to the new.

We give Mr. Harwood's conclusion in his own words.

"What are we to do with Christianity?—that wonderful faith, which has come so mysteriously into our world, and lived in it eighteen hundred years already, with such a wealth and fulness of life and living power; doing so much, and undoing so much; uprooting an old civilization, and planting a new one upon its ruins; doing so much, and in so many ways, both of good and evil; Christianity, the inspiration of the philanthropist, and the stalking-horse of the tyrant; the word of God in

the heart of the reformer-prophet, and the lie on the lips of the bigot-priest; the endurer and the inflicter of martyrdom for conscience-sake; Christianity, with all its ideas, moralities, and spiritual forces, working in countless ways, and through countless channels, upon literature, art, philosophy, legislation, and all the other interests of our social and moral being:—what are we to do with this great enduring, all-pervading spirit or power of Christianity,—those of us who believe it to be simply a growth of nature and the human heart, with no other divinity, or divine authority, than its own truth, recognised by our own minds, and no other divine right or sanction, than what we infer from what we see of its nature and its history? What are we to do with Christianity?

“Perhaps some will say, ‘We have nothing to do with it, we have already done away with it, by discarding its evidences in miracle: the miracles being false, it is without evidence, it is a false thing altogether, a dead thing, and we have nothing to do but bury it out of our sight, without more words.’ Hardly so, I think. Miracles do not make a religion, nor does the withdrawal of miracles unmake a religion. Miracles are not religion, but only a particular sort of machinery, by which a particular form of religion may or may not, at a given time and place, get room for itself in the world. The essence of a religion is never in its miracles, true or false; but in its ideas, its moralities, the phases of character, the modes of intellectual and moral being, which it calls into existence. The Jewish religion is not in the plagues of Egypt and the thunders of Sinai, but in the legislation, the ritual, and the morality of the Pentateuch. The Christian religion is not in the changing of water into wine, and feeding five thousand men at a cheap rate; not in violations of the law of gravitation, or of any other law; but in the ideas that were the spirit and power of Christ’s mind; in the spiritual impulses and influences that come from Christ’s mind to our minds; in the moral inspiration that breathes out from Christ’s heart into our hearts. The essence of a religion is in its ideas. Where else should it be? A religion is true or false, according as these are true or false, in accordance or in discordance with the ideal of human truth and good. It is not a question of miracles one way or the other. The presence of miracle could never make a false religion true, nor can the absence of miracle ever make a true religion false. The Christian religion may be a quite true religion,—the religion of brotherhood and immortality, the religion of the sermon on the mount, the religion of the good Samaritan, the religion of the well of Jacob and the lake of Galilee, the religion of the workshop of Nazareth,—may be a true religion, the truest of religions, though the whole of the miracles together come from the limbo of the vanities. The question still remains, then,—miracles or no miracles. What are we to do with Christianity?

“What are we to do with Christianity? What do we do with other religions, other doctrines and moralities, other philosophies of life, man and God? We simply accept them for what they are worth, as explications, more or less authentic and complete, as a portion of spiritual reality; as parts, sustaining more or less important relations to the whole of humanity’s realized and garnered mental wealth; as indicating, by the very fact that here they are, something in human capability, tendency, and destination; as chapters in the volume of God’s book; as expressions of moral ideas, utterances of moral wants. We thus accept them all, and we test the worth and amount of the truth that is in

each, by the joint standard of individual feeling, and of the world's general experience; valuing each by the kind and degree of its influences, by its proved capability or incapability of enduring, by the forms of moral life which it expresses or creates. We accept each as true, according to the extent to which it has proved itself true by its works. We accept each and all for what they are severally worth, as emanations, more or less direct and pure, from that spirit of God in man, which is the great eternal soul of our human world,—the well-spring of all our prophesyings, gospels, moralities, religions. And why not Christianity?—Christianity, the divinest of them all; which has worked longer than most of them, worked the most variously, benignly and powerfully of them all; which has done the most for human progress of them all, and which in its connexions with the moral civilization of those nations which stand at the head of the human race, and furnish the best specimens of humanity in its best estate, may be taken as, on the whole, the most significant phenomenon in the history of our world, our truest and most intelligible expositor of what God is doing with our world.

“What shall we do, then, with Christianity? Why, accept it as the expressions of truths, in human nature and human life, to which many ages and many nations have testified that they are truths: accept it, if not any longer as a creed having dogmatical truth, or as a history having historical truth, yet as a poem fraught with truth of a higher order than the dogmatic or historical—a poem, a divine parable: accept its ideal of human character and capability in that wonderful Man of Nazareth, in whom so glorious a strength blends with so gentle a repose,—Son of God and Son of Man, majestic as a prophet and meek as a little child: accept its ideal of human destiny, in the history of that Man of Nazareth, born of God (as we are all born of God, with two natures in us—children we are, like him, of an invisible Father and a visible Mother, God and Nature,) tempted in a wilderness, as we all are tempted, and of the very same devil or devils, struggling, suffering, triumphing, conquered by death, yet conquering over death: accept this Christianity; accept its cross, the symbol of trial; its resurrection, the symbol of history; its millennium, or reign of saints, the symbol of our new moral world, with right and love for its only law; its heaven, the symbol of the blessedness which itself creates; its Father-God, the symbol of the great, mysterious, all-upholding, all-inspiring power, in which, and by which we live, move and have our being. Accept Christianity, and these things in Christianity; that is, if we see them there. If not, so be it; perhaps we may see them more clearly somewhere else. There is no compulsion in the matter; no believing under penalties; no hell-fire.

“What shall we do with Christianity? Nothing artificial, nothing forced, nothing false; nothing that shall hinder the full, free development of mental and moral individuality. Not make a yoke of bondage of it: not make a labor-saving machine of it: not make a preceptive morality of it, to supersede the morality of principle and spirit: not make a creed-theology of it, to supersede thought and philosophy: not make a hierarchical church of it, to supersede God's order of prophets and seers: not make a poor, formal, lip-worship of it to trammel the freedom of the worship, which is in truth only when it is in spirit: do nothing with it that shall narrow the sympathies, enslave the will, enfeeble and sectarianize the intellect, impoverish the humanities, pervert or

hinder our growth up to the fulness of the measure of the stature of perfect men.

“What shall we do with Christianity? Why, take its best principles, and do battle, in the strength of them against its worst perversions. Take its law of love, its revelation of brotherhood and brotherly equality, its ideal of divine purpose and human destiny, its spirituality, its simplicity; and combat, strong in these, with all the frauds, falsehoods, conventionalism, mummeries, quackeries, monopolies, tyrannies, sectarianisms, pharisaisms, that are practised in its name, and sanctified with its sanctions,—the disgrace of churches, and the bane of states,—that even make it a question, with not unthinking men, whether on the whole Christianity has done more of good or of mischief in the world,—that make it no question at all, but that if Christ were to come again, he would be crucified again by the Chief Priests.

“What shall we do with Christianity? Why, if we can, improve upon it; improve upon Paul’s Christianity, as Paul improved upon Peter’s Christianity; develop it further, more widely, and variously, than it has ever been developed yet. Work out its great enduring principles the full length to which they will go as principles, in their varied applications to every department of human thought and life: enshrine its eternal spirit in new forms of beneficence and beauty, as the spirit of humanity itself rises to new heights, and tries its strength in new modes of being and action: work out by the light, and with the resources of our own day and generation, its grand idea of a kingdom of heaven and of God: carry its justice, its freedom, and its faith into our literature, our trade, our politics, and wherever else justice, freedom, and faith can find or make a place for themselves: do all we can with this, and with every other genuine utterance of the spirit of humanity, that shall make us wiser, stronger, truer men,—bring us into nearer intelligence of the laws, and profounder sympathy with the spirit of the great world of God.”—pp. 105 – 107.

REPUBLICATIONS.

THE year 1841 has been distinguished, with us, above any of its predecessors, by the republication of valuable works, both ancient and modern. Not only are the latest and poorest bubbles blown in the old world re-blown in the new, but the heavy tomes, over which Wisdom has grown pale, and the iron hand of Diligence become weary in the composition, are also presented to us. Not many years ago, if we remember rightly, a bookseller asked the aid of the legislature of his State to enable him to issue Mather’s *Magnalia*, not daring to trust two octavos alone.

Among the valuable works, we would name *The Works of Lord Bolingbroke*, 4 vols. 8vo., *The Letters of Horace Walpole*,

4 vols. 8vo., Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, 2 vols. 8vo., Lingard's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church, 1 vol. 8vo. The Speeches of Lord Brougham, 2 vols. 8vo., and the complete Works of Lord Bacon, in 3 vols. royal 8vo. In these volumes, we have all the works of Lord Bacon, arranged after the manner of Basil Montague's edition, accompanied with his life of that philosopher, and furnished with an index more convenient than that in the English edition. Here we have the substance of seventeen English octavo volumes, for about a fifth part of the cost of the original edition, and in a very readable form. We love to see elegant books, but not the less those of a plainer sort, which can find their way to a farmer's fireside. We learn that another edition of Bacon is in course of publication amongst us in numbers, designed for still wider circulation. At some future period, we hope to return to Mr. Montague's edition of Bacon, and consider the merit and influence of the Baconian method in philosophy.

Some other books we would notice more particularly.

I.

The History of Christianity, from the birth of Christ to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN, &c., with an introduction by James Murdock, D. D. New York: 1841. 1 vol. 8vo.

Here, the three elegant volumes of the original are compressed into one, in the American reprint. The paper and type are such as we usually receive from the press of the Messrs. Harper. The work is written with a good deal of fairness, but bears few marks of that erudition, at once various, exact, and profound, which we expect from an historian of the church, and fewer still, it may be, of that grasp of mind, that philosophic power, which comprehends and delineates the course and spirit of an age; a grasp and a power which we may require of a writer, who measures himself against the greatest historical and philosophical problem of the world,—the rise, extension, development, and destination of Christianity. Whoso attempts a history of Christianity, enters upon a vast field, where the ground is uncertain, and its limits not defined, perhaps scarce definable. He must tell us, 1. what Christianity is in itself, and what is its foundation; 2. when it was first made manifest in the world, under what circumstances, and with what limitations; 3. when, and in whom it reached its highest point; and, 4. what has been the course of its development, and what its influence, negative and positive, on the human race, how it has acted on men, and

how their prejudices, sensuality, superstition, and sin have reacted upon their notions of Christianity. These four problems, as we take it, present themselves to the philosophic writer, who aims to delineate the Christian idea and its historical development. He must tell us whether Christianity be the Absolute religion, or not the Absolute religion; if the latter, what are its limitations, considered in itself; if the former, what is the history of its successive unfoldings, and of its application in the concrete. Under what forms has it been contemplated, and what limitations have men set to this perfect religion. If the author takes the view, that Christianity is Absolute religion, then the whole matter resolves itself into this query: What relation did the concrete form of any time and place bear to this Absolute religion? or when the absolute religion was proclaimed, what antagonists did it find, and how were they met?

Various preliminary questions must be answered, no doubt. For example: How do we get at the idea of absolute religion in general; how that of Christianity in particular? To look at the latter question, and see what it involves, Christianity is one historical manifestation of religion amongst many other manifestations, which are more or less imperfect. We become acquainted with it by means of *historical* witnesses, sacred and profane. Then the question comes, are the witnesses *competent to testify* in the premises? Here comes the critical question. If they are, and we find from their testimony that Christianity is absolute religion, then the question comes, What were the forms of religion it invented, how did they act upon one another, and what was the result?

The historian of Christianity must tell us what Christianity is. This is the great point. If he fail here, he does not accomplish his work. He may collect materials, but the history is not written. Now, we think this is what Mr. Milman has not done; of course, then, his work fails of its end. It is *not* a history of Christianity; he has left out that, by an unlucky accident.

Mr. Milman's book is marked by fairness, in general; he writes generally in a pleasant style, though he is sometimes careless; he has a good deal of historical knowledge, though far too little for the undertaking, as we think. But he does not grapple with the subject like a strong man. He talks *about* it, not *of* it. He is wanting in the philosophy of the matter.

When he comes to the details of historical inquiry, he states some facts not previously known to the readers of ordinary ecclesiastical history. If his book be regarded as a whole, it is an interesting work. Beyond this, we can allow it little merit, either as an original performance, or considered as a compilation from ancient or contemporary scholars. His learning is not

wide, nor his philosophy deep. He belongs rather to the class of historical *dilettanti*,—if it be not invidious to say so,—and not in the ranks of genuine historians. The work might be entitled, “Historical Pencilings about Christianity, by an Amateur.” However, we welcome the book, and will gratefully accept it for what it is, not for what it is not. We rejoice in its republication, spite of the shabby appearance the American edition makes; and trust it may recall attention to this too much neglected field of ecclesiastical history.

II.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
By EDWARD GIBBON, Esq., with notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman, &c. New York: 1841. 4 vols. 8vo.

This work is from the same press with the former, and the paper and print are of the same character. This new edition contains, in addition to the original work of Gibbon, 1. A preface by Mr. Milman, which is valuable for its hints and suggestions; 2. Notes from the same hand, with others selected from M. Guizot, and M. Wenck, a German translator of a part of the work. The notes of M. Wenck, which extend over only a very small part of the history, are apparently the work of a scholar, familiar with the sources of ancient story, and also with recent historical essays. The notes of M. Guizot are more numerous, and sometimes important. They are marked in general by a certain scholarly aspect, but are not seldom deficient in liberality of sentiment. We should say Guizot has the better head, and Milman the better heart, for surely he is no bigot. But of Mr. Milman's own contributions we must speak more at length.

He undertook the task of a new edition of Gibbon. This problem, therefore, was before him, to render his original as complete, in relation to all historical literature *now* extant, as it was at Gibbon's time, in relation to the literature written before his day. The editor is to make Gibbon's history a manual as fit for the *present* day, as it was when first published for *that* day. This is a serious work. I. The editor must expose his author's errors, and correct his misstatements. This he has often attempted, but rarely accomplished, and for this plain reason, such a work would require at least the equal of Gibbon, the learning of the scholar, the thought of the philosopher. From Mr. Milman we must expect neither. Still, we are grateful for what he has done. Now and then he corrects an error, or points out an unfair remark, exposes a sarcasm, or *refutes a sneer*. He always does it, if we remember well, in good

temper, and does not think it part of a Christian's duty to get into a passion with an infidel.

II. We should demand of an editor a reference to all the important literature which assails or defends the text, and a digest of it in the proper places; a reference to all the valuable criticisms made in Gibbon's time, or subsequently. Gibbon himself, in a very simple way, refers to all the most valuable literature relating to the vast range of subjects that comes before him. He gives an encyclopedia of critical information respecting Roman affairs. But few works of importance escaped his eye, whether they favored his opinions or opposed them. Now, Mr. Milman rarely refers to any of the numerous works published in opposition to Gibbon. An account of those attacking his celebrated xvth and xvith chapters — so numerous, so respectable are some, and so insolent are others, — would be interesting and instructive in our day, when they are for the most part forgotten with their authors.

III. The editor must connect all discoveries and conclusions of subsequent historians, with the text, or incorporate them with the notes, and thus make the work complete for our times. This M. Guizot attempts, in some points, and not without success. Mr. Milman now and then makes the attempt, but rarely succeeds. His notes in general, when compared with Gibbon's, are weak and frivolous. We have collected some instances to substantiate the assertion, but have not space for them at present. But to recur to the first head, supplying the omissions, and correcting the errors of his author, and cite a case in point, — Gibbon's great sin, it seems to us, in regard to his treatment of Christianity, is this; that while he omits no occasion to sneer at the pretensions of the church, the wickedness, hypocrisy, and superstition of its members, he continues to pass dry-shod over the intances of Pagans becoming Christians, and living a divine life of faith and works. These omissions it was incumbent on the editor to supply, especially when the editor is a Christian, and his author an infidel, and still more especially when the editor is himself the historian of Christianity.

To sum up the matter in a few words between the historian and his editor, Gibbon appears to us as a tall giant, with a deportment haughty and arrogant, a face secular even to profanity, marked with coarse sensuality, but stamped with strong and masculine sense, and lit up with keen and flashing eyes, walking loftily about in the ruins of a temple, with a huge flambeau in his hand, smoking like a light-house. Where he treads, some walls totter, and some columns fall. He applies his torch, now to the face of a marble statue, makes its features appear in his plain light, but leaves a smooch on the face, now he holds his torch

at the entrance of some hidden crypt, supposed to be full of holiest relics, and discloses the apparatus of debauchery and deceit; he throws down venerated images, and treads them to dust; delights to blacken what seems fair to the pious, and bring to light what mortals hide with shame. Though he represent the outline of each object as it is, yet by dexterously shifting his light, he makes their shadows take what forms he will. On the other hand, Mr. Milman is a well-dressed page, who walks gracefully, and at a respectable distance behind the giant; carries in a silver case a little taper of wax; with a delicate *mouchoir*, attempts to remove the smooch, but sometimes makes it worse; picks up the fragments of sacred stone, but cannot make them live again; holds up his tiny light to discover the well wrought finger of Jupiter thundering in the marble, but has not light enough to give the awful *face* of the God, still less to change the shadows of the giant's torch.

We are obliged to postpone notices of several works, that have been sent us by their authors, to the next number of this publication.